BONNARD by Max Kozloff

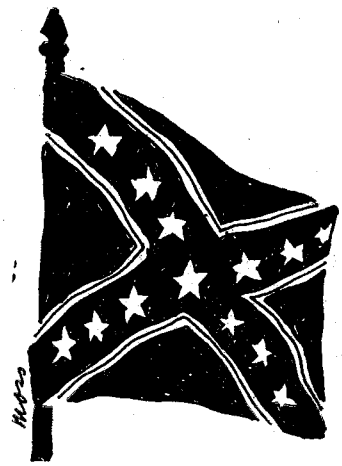
THE NATION

October 26, 1964 . . 35c

George Wallace

AND THE FUTURE of DIXIE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL



Space Crescent III

THE WIDE BLUE PORKBARREL

William S. Ellis

UN CRISIS: POLITICS of MONEY

John G. Stoessinger

Robert Lowell

Richard Howard

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LETTERS

Who's loony now?

Charlotte, N.C.

Dear Sirs: What's with this Keating bit? Keating? Have you at *The Nation* and *The New Republic* gone nuts?

Is the Robert F. Kennedy you speak of the same man I know, with whom I talked politics at least ten times . . . who I believe with all my heart, is *the* leader of the liberal idea in America today?

No, I apologize for saying you may have all gone nuts. I know what's behind it. Masochism. Alan A. Benson once said the same thing of the fellow radicals of his day. . . .

You have Robert F. Kennedy in your lil' ole' hand and you-all say, "We want Keating." If this is not masochism, I don't know what else it can be.

I remember one evening two years ago, on a plane, Robert F. Kennedy was not running for anything. His brother was in the White House, very likely to stay there till 1968. And Kennedy said, "You know Pope John started a renewal of the ideal of Catholicism—Jack and I hope to start a renewal of the ideal of America."

Do you and *The New Republic* and Gore Vidal and Jim Baldwin deserve Robert F. Kennedy? Do you really think you deserve him? It's like my mother always said, "It's bad when things are too good." *Harry Golden*

The New Republic supports Robert Kennedy, so Harry Golden must have some other magazine in mind. He is also cheering for a man whom from his description we do not recognize (see "The Hoffa Trial," by Fred J. Cook, The Nation, *April 27; and "Trial by Press Release," editorial, September 7).*—EDITORS.

Proposition 14

Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs: Donovan Bess's article, "The Racist Proposition: California on Trial" (*The Nation,* Oct. 5), is by far the most lucid and accurate exposition of this issue I have seen.

This summer I did considerable volunteer work for the Californians Against Proposition 14 (CAP 14) group in Los Angeles, including voter-registration canvassing in both Negro and white areas (this aspect of the campaign against Proposition 14 is not directly sponsored by CAP 14, but by the United Civil Rights Committee, an organization coordinating a number of civil rights groups).

Almost all of the Negroes I contacted were informed about Proposition 14 and said they would vote against it. Most of the whites, however, used the argument that the neighborhood and local property values decline when Negroes move into an area, and I'll have to admit that it was sometimes hard to argue the point: one white woman had a beautifully kept, well-planted yard, while those of her Negro neighbors were pretty junky.

In spite of the generous efforts of a number of entertainers, such as Joan Baez, the opposition to Proposition 14 is hampered rather desperately by lack of funds. It is my opinion at present that the measure will pass; I hope I am proved wrong. *Melissa Mills*

El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Why do well-meaning but one-tracked writers like Donovan Bess assume that all *Nation* readers automatically oppose discrimination and therefore favor legislation which makes it illegal?

There are a great many property owners and residents in California who would rather see housing bias disappear from our minds through education and enlightenment than through law enforcement. Our unhappy experience with prohibition proved the fallacy of the legislative approach to a moral and individual problem.

California's venerable Commonwealth Club recently polled its 11,000 members in a secret mail ballot and recommended a Yes vote on Proposition 14 when a 1381-to-993 margin favored it. . . . *Walter Gerstel*

Correction

An editorial in the October 5 issue, "The Giant Stirs," incorrectly stated that The National Council for Civic Responsibility had subjected *None Dare Call It Treason* to detailed refutation. The organization that performed that useful job was The National *Committee* for Civic Responsibility, whose address is 1605 The Superior Building, Cleveland, O.—EDITORS

Sad for Cuba

Syosset, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: "Cuba: The Girl and the Slogans" (*The Nation,* Oct. 12) almost wrenched this tired old heart. . . . Hoppe's nostalgia for those pre-Castro days, when Cubans were apparently such spontaneous people, singing and doing the cha-cha-cha, unencumbered by revolutionary slogans and uniforms, makes him sad, sad, sad. It makes this reader sad, too, to see this subjective moonshine in *The Nation,* in place of accurate reporting and interpreting based upon what the Cubans really think and feel. *Jack Fields*

Brookline, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Hoppe is sad because the attractive young girl feels she can't have babies because she serves in the militia. . . . He is sad to see a sign flashing over Havana, "Fatherland or Death. . . . We Shall Win. . . ."

I find it puzzling that the writer doesn't say he's sad because the United States has made things so difficult for Cuba that young girls have to serve in the militia. . . . *Ethel Alper*

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End of the Play

The war in Vietnam drags on. Vietnamese and Americans are killed as usual, American fighting men, money and supplies keep pouring into the country. But this war of small engagements, in which the dead are just as dead as if they had died at the Marne; of ambushes, of urban riots, of futile efforts to "pacify" the countryside—there are signs that *this* war is coming to an end. It may be followed by something worse, but, better or worse, it cannot go on in the present form much longer.

One signal is what Winston Churchill called "the neuroses of defeat," by which he meant internecine warfare among the losers. For a year or more South Vietnam has not had a cohesive government, one that could pretend to hold the allegiance of a substantial majority of the people. The country has staggered through a succession of coups, reverse coups, demonstrations and counter-demonstrations, plots and counterplots. The only effective force has been the army, continually propped up by American aid, but the army itself is increasingly riven, and now there are reports in the news weeklies that the planning and intelligence sections of the army have been penetrated by the Vietcong. Before Chiang Kai-shek's flight to Formosa, that is what happened in China.

Another symptom is that a government begins to grasp at straws. "U.S. To Bid SEATO To Help Saigon More" is the caption of a dispatch to *The New York Times* (October 14). SEATO is a synthetic, militarily impotent coalition put together by John Foster Dulles. It has never been much more than a consultative body. Washington lists some of the things SEATO has done for South Vietnam: Britain sent some steam rollers and graders; Australia supplied sixty military advisers, twenty economists and some transport aircraft and crews; the Philippines contributed a medical and technical team of about thirty persons. Thailand's offering has been materials; in particular, tin roofing and cement. The United States has some 20,000 fighting men in South Vietnam. In the face of such ludicrous disproportion, one must suspect that either our people have lost their minds, or that they have given up hope of victory and are merely going through the motions of getting token help.

If a government is functioning, it can at least hold its capital: the Nazis held Berlin almost to the end. The government of South Vietnam has only tenuous control of Saigon. Skirmishes take place almost daily on the outskirts. If it were not for the American presence, the Vietcong would be openly in the streets.

A pertinent question in such a situation is: What are the insiders doing? The rich are usually better informed than the poor, and they have the wherewithal to do what seems prudent. The rich are leaving Vietnam. Flights to Europe are booked for weeks in advance and one airline is reported to be adding to its fleet. There was a similar exodus in 1954, before the French capitulated to the Viet Minh. Not only are the rich getting out while the getting is good, but also many of the middle-class young. Their families sacrifice life savings for a plane ticket to Europe and subsequent living allowances. An official at the Saigon airport remarked on the bad psychological effect, adding, "I'd go myself if I could, but I'm too old to pull up stakes now."

Such are the signs and portents. If the curtain is coming down, the next President of the United States will have some crucial decisions to make.

The Silent Vote

It exists. No one knows how big it is, but one thing is sure—it is for Goldwater. The people who are going to vote for Johnson make no bones about it. They tell you, and they tell the poll takers. The Goldwater enthusiasts are vocal likewise. The group to be concerned about, at this stage of the election, is composed of Goldwater voters who are not talking, or who have not yet decided, but who will decide in favor of Goldwater.

There are numerous reasons for the Democrats to begin running somewhat scared. The chances are that Goldwater cannot win, but the way to be sure he won't is to assume that he can. He has an efficient organization behind him, which is more than can be said for the Democrats. How efficient Goldwater's organization is the Republican convention showed. Partly because Johnson looks like the winner, his supporters lack the dedication of the pre-convention Goldwaterites. Or call it fanaticism—but fanaticism is not to be despised in an American election which is, and always has been, an emotional affair.

Americans love a winner; but there is also some sentiment for the probable loser. Beware the underdog is a safe motto. The comparisons with Dewey-Truman are probably not apposite, but it would be wise to treat them as if they were. In 1948 there was still a sizable amount of vaguely left-wing sentiment in the country. Henry Wallace would probably have got several million votes, instead of only one million, if his supporters had not grown alarmed in the last few days of the campaign and decided to play it safe with Truman.

In the current campaign many voters are alarmed about the future of the two-party system. They do not want the Republican Party to be disastrously weakened. It may be argued that the way to rehabilitate the Republican Party is to send Goldwater down to a disastrous defeat, but these voters may think otherwise.

For many simple-minded voters—the term is not intended invidiously—Goldwater has strong appeal. Most people, women perhaps more than men, do not take a technical view of politics. It is probable that Americans who understand the fine points of baseball or horse

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racing far outnumber those with a professional or sophisticated interest in politics. The background, motivation and reasoning of the person who pulls the lever does not register. One vote has the same value as another. It would not be wise to lay too much stress on Goldwater's howlers; they may get him as many votes as they cost him.

He has still another appeal. In the midst of prosperity, millions of Americans are plagued by anxiety and frustration. Millions more are afraid of the Negroes, or resent their rise to middle-class status. These whites felt much more comfortable when the Negro knew his place. The Negro vote will go to Johnson, but aren't there more than 5 million whites who will vote against someone or something, in the traditional way? Goldwater can count on the racist element among them.

Mr. Johnson, Mr. Humphrey and every progressive down to the precinct level should take these factors into account and redouble their efforts from now to November 3.

Aerospace Politics

When General Eisenhower complained recently that he was unable to discern the issues in this Presidential campaign, he was not in a position to pinpoint the reason—which is that Senator Goldwater has pitched his appeal on nostalgia, fear and distortion, flavored with wisecracks. A particularly blatant instance of distortion was Goldwater's attempt to wipe out the distinction between nuclear and conventional explosives. When that boomeranged, he fell back on the tactic of portraying himself as a man of peace (but strong) while accusing Mr. Johnson of being soft on communism and leaving the American people defenseless before an implacable enemy.

When the Russians orbited their three-man Voskhod, Goldwater termed it "shocking news." It was all Johnson's fault, and John F. Kennedy's before him. Goldwater's memory is conveniently short. The United States fell behind in the moon race before 1957, when the Soviets launched their first Sputnik and the retired steelmaster Clarence B. Randall, who was a sort of science adviser to President Eisenhower before the scientists got into the picture, referred to it as "that basketball in the sky."

What really agitates Goldwater, however, is not the Soviet lunar lead but the Eisenhower-Kennedy-Johnson disinclination to turn "near space" over to the Air Force. All the manned orbital flights so far, both U.S. and Soviet, have been at altitudes between 100 and 250 miles, and that is where Goldwater wants to fight. Not only to carry on reconnaissance, but to bomb and intercept. "The nation that commands near space," he assures us, "could, after developing proper space weapons and maneuverable aircraft, dominate the earth."

That nation, and its adversary, would be more likely to depopulate the earth than to dominate it if Goldwater's fantasies ever came true (see "Barry in Space," *The Nation*, September 14). If a balance of terror is the best we can hope for, the sensible course is the one the last three administrations have followed—a multiplicity of hidden or hardened weapons of about one megaton caliber. Only a wealthy nation can afford such a system. The Russians have little choice but to put part of their investment into very large bombs—50 megatons and up—which can be delivered with the large boosters they have developed for both bombing and space travel and which, as far as is known, we are developing for space travel alone. In both countries, the people in charge of these matters are committed to surface-to-surface missiles for delivery. Only Goldwater dissents.

An unfortunate feature of aerospace politicking is that, by a kind of technological Gresham's law, bad arguments tend to drive out the good. Seeking to defend themselves against Goldwater's charlatanry, President Johnson and Secretary McNamara have resorted to some injudicious claims of their own. The A-11 aircraft was first unveiled by LBJ in March. It looked fine for reconnaissance. Recently, rechristened the YF-12A and painted U-2 black, it was exhibited to the press as a super-performance interceptor. In his speech before the American Legion, Mr. McNamara also extolled it as a bomber. His purpose was to counter Goldwater's insistence that a fleet of follow-on bombers is the *sine qua non* of aerial defense (and Soviet emasculation, which Goldwater regards as feasible). The YF-12A is the creation of Clarence L. (Kelly) Johnson of Lockheed, one of America's leading designers and, not accidentally, a founder and national committee member of Scientists, Engineers and Physicians for Johnson-Humphrey. Not even Kelly Johnson can design one aircraft that will do everything. It would be best to leave bombast and exaggeration to Senator Goldwater.

Throwing the Bone

The constant temptation for police and prosecuting attorneys to take over the role of judge—or even God—was demonstrated again this month when Miami authorities admitted that they had made a deal with a college boy named Joe Gebhardt not to try him for murder if he would tell all about how he and a chum named Richard Worthington had killed Worthington's parents. Gebhardt agreed. He now has full immunity.

Officials said that they made the deal with Gebhardt instead of Worthington because they didn't want to set Worthington free to inherit his parents' estate.

It is bad enough when police surrender the investigative job they are paid to perform for the much easier solution that assures one conviction at the cost of turning an equally guilty party free; it is worse when they admit that they encouraged one of the suspects to talk, *rather* than the other, because they favored one over the other. Assuming, as it is safe to assume, that either of these boys would have gladly told all rather than face the chair, the Miami officials have clearly made a life or death selection—without trial.

The excuse for this approach to the solution of crimes is that it makes criminals leery of alliances. It is supposed to raise in a criminal's mind the restraining thought, "If I gang up with him, he may rat on me

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later to save his own neck." The Florida Supreme Court in 1939 supported this reasoning with the opinion: "While such a course offers a premium to treachery and sometimes permits the more guilty to escape, it tends to prevent and break up combinations by making criminals suspicious of each other."

The thundering illogic of this argument is that a criminal, teaming up with another, could just as easily entertain the comforting thought, "It's all right to pull this crime with him because if we get caught I'll squeal first and get off."

The tattlers-go-free kind of justice that occurred in Miami is repeated in every major city and at every level of crime. Police and prosecutors all over the country do this sort of thing every day. Officers of the court call it, with droll exactness, "throwing a bone." Justice might be better served, however, by people who do not look upon defendants as dogs.

The Proper Study of Mankind

Richard Bellman, a nationally known scientist-mathematician employed by the RAND Corporation, has little patience with superstition and shibboleth, least of all when these are propagated by his own profession. In April, discussing the reputed shortage of engineers (which always seems to be retreating into the future while appreciable numbers of today's engineers are looking for work), Bellman referred to "foolish men making predictions on the basis of irrelevant statistics."

In June, expressing equally personal views on "Magic, Mathematics and Mystery" before the Joint Automatic Control Committee, he asked what are the goals of our society, what should these goals be? More space travel and linear accelerators, consuming more billions of a limited national product? Excessive concentration on such sanctified objectives is, in Bellman's opinion, a deplorable asceticism, and he pleads for a revaluation in terms of the health, wealth, welfare and happiness of human beings. Vannevar Bush remarked a few years ago that if he were starting over again he would choose biology; Bellman likewise notes that the new frontiers of science are in biology and medicine. The major control problems of medicine, in particular, are several orders of magnitude more difficult than those encountered in engineering and applied mathematics. This makes things tough in the study and cure of cancer, nervous disorders, mental illness and the like, yet there is no excuse for not making a greater effort to obtain partial control *now* on the basis of the understanding we have, or that would come within reach if we gave it a higher priority. The utmost challenge is not in sending men to the moon, but in such puzzles as the reproductive capacity of the single cell, the memory storage of the brain, the operation of the nervous system, the bases of intelligence and creativity, etc. "Observe," Bellman enjoins us, "that these are all problems within the domain of control theory. Furthermore, any hint towards their solution would have tremendous impact not only upon the biomedical field, and the control field, but also upon all of the remaining part of the scientific world, and indeed upon all the world."

Criticism of science and technology by outsiders is often out of place. Many of these critics, however well intentioned, literally don't know what they are talking about. Bellman knows. In all good conscience, scientists and those who finance science (mostly with other people's money) must give sober consideration to his strictures. Heeding them would raise other problems, such as different goals in education, but these are not insuperable. It is because our national objectives are largely misdirected that our society shows increasing instability. The remedy may be difficult, but troubles are not cured by ignoring their causes.

UN Crisis

The Politics of Money . . . . . John G. Stoessinger

A showdown could be approaching at the United Nations. When the Nineteenth General Assembly opens on November 10, the Soviet Union may not be permitted to vote. Under Article 19 of the UN Charter, member states delinquent in their assessed contributions for two years or more lose their vote in the General Assembly unless that body specifically waives the penalty. The United States is determined to enforce this sanction against the Soviet Union if the latter continues to withhold payment of assessments for the UN peace-keeping operations in the Middle East and in the Congo. On the other hand, Premier Khrushchev told UN Secretary-General U Thant in Moscow that if the Soviet Union is deprived of its voting rights, it will leave the United Nations. In view of this imminent crisis, the UN's financial predicament warrants a close look.

Whenever the United Nations has engaged in major peacemaking responsibilities, there has never been a lack of Cassandras to predict that the organization would end with a military bang. However, at the height of the UN operation in the Congo, a real possibility arose that it might end with a bookkeeping whimper. The fiscal squeeze that developed in the early 1960s became a threat to the very life of the organization. The crisis stemmed di-

John G. Stoessinger is professor of political science at Hunter College and visiting professor of international relations at Columbia University. His The Might of Nations: World Politics in Our Time *(Random House) won the Bancroft Prize for 1963; he is the author also of* Financing the United Nations System *(The Brookings Institution).*

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rectly from two operations that the UN had mounted to keep the peace: the United Nations Emergency Force in the Middle East (UNEF) in 1956, and the United Nations Congo Force (UNOC) in 1960.

Altogether, the UN system spends about half a billion dollars annually —or about one-sixth the government budget for New York City. The normal day-to-day expenses of the organization amount to a little more than $80 million a year, and the specialized agencies spend a roughly comparable sum. The special voluntary programs such as the Children's Fund are no drain on UN resources because they subsist solely on government and private voluntary contributions; the total thus raised is approximately $200 million a year for five programs. Finally, there are the peace force budgets: UNOC, which for the first three years cost about $120 million a year, and UNEF which costs approximately $20 million a year. Many governments have balked at payments for these peace-keeping operations, and as a result, by late 1964, the United Nations was more than $140 million in debt for them.

Never have so many people argued so much about so little money. The reason is that the financial problem of the peace-keeping operations is primarily a political problem. The argument centers, not on the money itself, but on the role that the UN can properly play in the national policies of its member states.

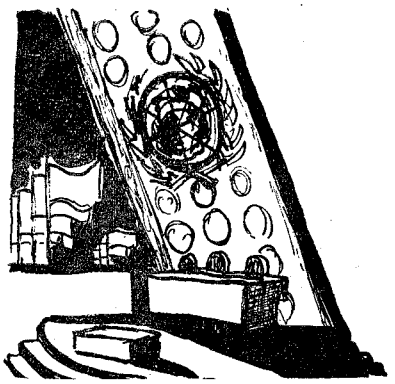
When the General Assembly authorized the establishment of UNEF in 1956, Dag Hammarskjöld urged that a special account be set up to finance the force as a collective responsibility of the entire membership. Most of the Western members supported the Secretary-General, but the Soviet bloc asserted that the "aggressors" — i.e., Great Britain, France and Israel—should pay. Between these two opposing views, a third emerged: many of the new nations claimed that everyone should pay something, but that the great powers, which had special privileges under the Charter, should also accept special responsibilities and pick up the major portion of the cost. This "rebate formula" won the day: the bill for UNEF was assessed upon the entire membership, but the underdeveloped nations were given rebates of 50 per cent and the wealthier nations were invited to make up the deficits through voluntary contributions.

During the next few years, however, shortages gradually developed. The Soviet Union, which opposed the force on political grounds, declined to pay its share. And many of the smaller nations, though they approved of the Middle East force, claimed that they were unable to pay even their reduced assessments. By 1960, when the Congo force was created, arrears had become a major worry.

The problem of paying the $120 million UNOC budget brought the United Nations to the brink of bankruptcy. The Secretary-General once again supported the principle of collective responsibility, but this time the Western nations broke ranks, France joining the Soviet Union in political opposition. The majority of the membership agreed to another rebate formula, but this time the reductions granted the poorer states reached 80 per cent.

Deficits now began to mount sharply. Two permanent members were unwilling to pay, and more than half the membership claimed incapacity to pay. By late 1961, the UN debt approached $900 million and the General Assembly was forced to take emergency action. First, it authorized a $200 million bond issue and invited governments to subscribe, hoping to tide the peace forces over until a more satisfactory solution could be found; second, it requested the World Court to issue an advisory opinion on the legal status of the peace-force assessments. The response to the bond issue was fairly generous. Sixty governments purchased approximately three-fourths of the subscription, with the United States taking half the total. This made it possible to meet the costs of the two forces until early 1963 without having to assess the membership during that period. And in July of 1962, the World Court declared that the assessments for UNEF and UNOC were the responsibility of the entire membership. The court opinion, however, did not persuade the Soviet Union and France to clear their accounts, though it did elicit payments from numerous smaller nations to a total of more than $6 million.

The bond money was exhausted in May of 1963, and the General Assembly had to meet in emergency



session. It appropriated $42.5 million for the two peace forces for the last six months of 1963 and granted a 55 per cent reduction to the developing countries. In December, it appropriated $17.75 million for UNEF for 1964, but decided to allot only $15 million to carry UNOC until the end of June, 1964. The majority of the members were in no mood to continue massive peace-keeping operations indefinitely. The combined cash appropriations for UNEF and UNOC for 1964 amounted to less than one-fourth of those appropriated for 1963.

In keeping with its increasingly conservative mood, the General Assembly gradually retreated from the principle of collective responsibility for the funding of peace-keeping operations. Thus, in 1962, the costs of the UN Temporary Executive Authority in West New Guinea (UNTEA) were divided evenly between the two direct beneficiaries, the Netherlands and Indonesia; similarly, in 1963 the expenses of a UN observer group sent to Yemen were split between Egypt and Saudi Arabia. In mid-1964, the last UNOC troops left the Congo, and the costs of the new UN Peace Force dispatched to Cyprus had to be raised through voluntary contributions every three months. In September, 1964, Secretary-General U Thant had a hard time raising even the meager sum of $7 million needed to keep the 6,400-man UN force in Cyprus for another three-month period. As he put it: "If the UN does not settle its past, it may not have much of a future."

The financial crisis of the United Nations has aroused acute anxiety among many observers who see it as the unmistakable symptom of an early death of the organization. They point to the history of the League of Nations and maintain

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that, in its case, financial atrophy was the first symptom of doom. On closer scrutiny, this comparison does not hold up. Many of the omens are similar, to be sure, but the causes are quite different. The fiscal plight of the League arose from a doubt about its very existence. Many states questioned the justification for the League, others tolerated it; certainly no state wanted it to move beyond the concept of a "static conference machinery." In that sense, the League's chronic financial anemia had been the result of a struggle between nihilists and conservatives: those who would deny its existence altogether and those who would relegate it to the peripheries of their national policies. The former attitude led to active hostility, the latter to political neglect and indifference.

The UN's financial plight does not reflect a struggle over the organization's existence. All states, including the Soviet Union, have accepted its presence, and the debate has moved onto a higher plane. It is now being waged between the conservatives and the liberals: those who wish to maintain the UN as a "static conference machinery," and those who wish to endow it with increasing strength and executive authority.

But when one examines the attitude of the superpowers in detail, it becomes clear that the "liberal" and "conservative" labels must be used with caution in the areas of peace-keeping and financing. It is true that the United States has generally favored the creation of peace-keeping machinery as a collective responsibility of the membership, while the USSR has tended to reject the assessment principle for UN peace forces. But the Soviet Union has not always said "no" with equal vigor. In fact, until 1963 the Soviet Union paid for a considerable number of minor peace-keeping operations that were financed through the regular budget. It acquiesced in the establishment of UNEF and actually voted for the creation of the Congo force, only later trying to destroy it. Hence, the Soviet attitude can be seen as a spectrum ranging from acquiescence through passive resistance to active obstruction. Moreover, these positions often change, the Russian attitude toward the Congo operation being a case in point.

Similarly, those states that generally favor UN peace-keeping operations do not always say "yes" with the same degree of enthusiasm. Some states, among them the United States, support the political resolutions authorizing establishment of the peace forces, then vote for the financing resolutions, and make payment in due course. Others have second thoughts at the second stage and abstain or even vote against the financing resolutions. And some that vote "yes" in the first two stages refuse to pay when the bill is presented. The liberal position on peace-keeping forces can be plotted on a broad scale: enthusiastic support, moral support and tacit consent. The more cautious form of liberalism and the permissive form of conservatism often meet—in voting, if not in principle—on the common ground of abstention.

Mansbridge in Punch (Ben Roth)

"You'll Have To Make Your Own Way From Here"

Most states have responded to specific peace-keeping cases on grounds of national interest rather than abstract principle. This is particularly true of the superpowers. From the United States' point of view, UNEF and UNOC protected two no man's lands of the cold war from possible East-West military confrontation and, at the same time, reduced the likelihood of unilateral Russian intervention. The Soviet Union, on the contrary, saw UNEF and UNOC as preventing Soviet bridgeheads in the Middle East and Africa. Since, in the case of the Congo, a bridgehead already established had to be removed under UN pressure, Soviet opposition to UNOC took the more active form. Russia did not oppose UNEF and UNOC because it did not want to pay for them; it did not want to pay for them because it opposed them.

No one knows how the United States would react to a UN peace-keeping operation that conflicted with its national interests, because to date the United States has never been on the wrong side of a UN police action. In part, the Americans have been lucky. If Kasavubu had been killed in the Congo instead of Lumumba, the UNOC operation might have provided an interesting test of United States commitment to the principle of collective responsibility in the financing of peace-keeping operations. The American voting supremacy in the UN has

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also been important in preventing issues like the 1954 coup in Guatemala from being considered at any length by the UN. But although one should not guess how the United States would act toward a UN peace-keeping operation of which it disapproved, it has not hesitated to attack UN operations it deemed contrary to its national interest in the far less sensitive economic and social areas of UN operations. The point here is not to indict the policies of one superpower or to praise the actions of another, but to suggest that in peace-keeping matters it is misleading to associate the United States or the Soviet Union too closely with any one abstract position. Each case is decided according to the national interest.

While the positions of the superpowers have had little to do with finances per se, for many of the middle and smaller powers the sums involved are relatively large and have played a far more important and, in some instances, even a decisive role. It is a fact, for example, that in terms of percentages of their gross national products twenty-one nations are called upon to make larger contributions to total UN costs than is the United States. Hence, while the financial crisis of UNEF and UNOC is caused primarily by the political conservatism of the few, it is intensified by the financial limitations of the many.

The toughest problem, therefore, is still that of coming to grips with politically motivated deficits. One way to meet the challenge completely would be to construct a scale which permitted a member to refuse payment for a peace-keeping operation which it opposed. That solution would ignore the World Court advisory opinion that all member states should pay, but it would acknowledge the reality that no power, certainly no great power, can be coerced into paying. It is also important to make a distinction between passive and active opposition. If opposition remains limited to nonpayment, as was the Soviet Union's opposition to UNEF, supporters of the force may wish to ignore it and pay the share of the recalcitrant power. But if they override active opposition, they risk driving the obstructionist power out of the UN altogether. The unavoidable truth that emerges is that the launching of an operation in the face of either passive or active opposition is to ask for financial crisis, and that any state which asks for such a crisis may have to be prepared to bail the organization out. A central fact of international life is that no power, least of all a superpower, will adopt or pay for a policy which it considers inimical to its own interest. Statesmen on both sides of the iron curtain should ponder this truth before pushing this fall's scheduled crisis beyond the point of no return.

Wallace and the Future of Dixie . . Robert G. Sherrill

Montgomery, Ala.

At a recent meeting of an Alabama legislative committee where one of Governor George Wallace's power-grabbing bills was under hot debate, State Sen. Vaughan Hill Robison curled his lip and asked angrily, "On what meat does this little Caesar feed?"

The question is easily answered. George Wallace, who is a hungry fighter, feeds on the meat of ambition, and with good effect: he is the strongest politician to come out of the South since the death of the Old Kingfish, Huey Long, twenty-nine years ago.

One should immediately make a distinction, however: Huey Long was never a racist and George Wallace, at least verbally, is little else. Looking further at this distinction, one may become anxious for the cause of tolerance. Long, who based his appeal on economics ("Every man a king"), could have polled between 3 and 4 million votes in 1935, according to a secret survey conducted by the National Democratic Committee, and that was quite enough to frighten Roosevelt. But in 1964, ignoring economics and concentrating solely on race, Wallace could have polled about 3.5 million in the nation as a whole, and could have taken 18 per cent of the Southern vote, just 2 per cent less than Goldwater (Gallup poll).

Wallace, unlike Long, reached this position in almost one bound. He was only a circuit judge before he became Governor of Alabama, and he has been Governor for less than two years.

Not always popular with other Southern governors (Georgia's Sanders seems to delight in insulting him), Wallace's appeal among the Southern middle class and farmers is so potent that he is sometimes referred to as the "Governor of Dixie." And because of his surprisingly successful forays into the North as a buccaneering Presidential candidate Wallace, at least for the moment, can claim to be the third-ranking power in American campaign politics.

A youthful politician—44 years old and with the vigor of a former amateur champion boxer, which he is—Wallace should be satisfied with his progress to date. Instead, he is impatient almost to the point of neurosis. He loathes the confining details of the governorship, the office consultations, the paper work, the necessary patronage chats with back-country supporters. He has national ambitions. Since last November, he has been out of Alabama more than he has been at home, spreading the gospel of segregation, and consumed by what Marquis Childs calls "an almost-messianic sense of his own mission to free the South of the hated Yankee domination." He is full of remarks that have an ante-bellum ring: "We are part of the United States. Why don't they treat us as part of the United States? We are not a colony."

For the moment, however, Wallace has boxed himself in. Although he has frequently warned that unless one of the two major parties becomes conservative enough to merit his support, immediately after the November election he will take steps to start a third party, the threat is empty. Third parties are for Thurmonds and La Follettes, for politicians willing to carry on suicidal vendettas or for far-out reformers with programs. Wallace is nei-

Robert G. Sherrill is Tallahassee bureau chief of the Miami Herald.

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ther. Third parties are for visionaries, willing to see their careers decline as their causes are absorbed by one of the two major parties. Wallace is not of that temper.

All over the state billboards display Goldwater's smiling face beside the legend: "Alabama, the door of the Republican party is open to you." Wallace helped open the door, whether he meant to or not. His showings in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland clinched Goldwater's nomination in San Francisco. After all, if a newcomer like Wallace could get "them" to turn out like that, think what Goldwater could do!

Then, with Goldwater in the running, those who had been encouraging Wallace to make a serious try to get on the ballot in a dozen—or sixteen or thirty-five—states, suddenly found their interest shifting. Even Georgia's ex-segregationist Governor Marvin Griffin, for months one of Wallace's staunchest supporters, announced that he would vote for Goldwater.

Wallace got out. He said he had done what he set out to do—"conservatize both parties." But an intimate friend has said that he quit the race "because he couldn't get a single Southern governor or Congressman to go along with his candidacy." And a powerful enemy maintains that it was "because H. L. Hunt and some of his other money pals told him they were going for Goldwater instead, and for him to get out."

However compelling his reasons for dropping the race, they were not sufficient to make him do so gracefully. When Goldwater came to Alabama recently, he was chauffeured around by Wallace's chief muscle man and head of the state police, Col. Albert Lingo himself. But Wallace had "previous engagements" outside the state.

Wallace has handed Alabama to Goldwater. The unpledged slate of electors—which supposedly were to be given to the Governor—pushed Lyndon Johnson's slate off the ballot. With Wallace now out of the race, the only meaningful slate remaining is Goldwater's. The Democratic Party in Alabama is a shambles, a demoralized and scattered flock. Wallace did that. State Sen. Bob Gilchrist, a frequent opponent of Wallace but an objective appraiser of the Governor's power, admits: "I don't know ten young Democratic politicians in the state who would make a speech for Johnson. I don't know that I would. It would do us more harm than good."

Rep. Carl Elliott, who was turned out of office by Alabama voters this year because he was on Wallace's blacklist, talks about having to rebuild the Alabama Democratic Party from the bottom up. He means rebuild without Wallace, but that will be hard to do. A Birmingham political writer — who calls the Governor "the most phenomenal politician to come out of Alabama in my lifetime"—remembers the Labor Day program last year when Wallace shared the speakers' platform with two Congressmen, Sen. John Sparkman, Surg. Gen. Luther Terry, and several big men in organized labor. Wallace was not supposed to speak first, but he finagled it around so that he could. On hand were about 4,000 people. When Wallace finished speaking to them and left, all but about 400 left with him, yelling encouragements to him in his fight with the "feds" and forming a spontaneous motorcade of honor for his trip out of town. That was last year. This year, probably not even 400 would have remained to hear Sparkman and the others. (When Wallace came back from his electioneering in Wisconsin, a motorcade of 300 cars made the 100-mile trip from Birmingham to Montgomery to welcome him at the airport.)

Letters to the editors of Alabama newspapers commonly refer to Wallace as "our beloved Governor." Grover Hall, editor of the Montgomery *Advertiser* and a close friend of the Governor's, does not exaggerate when he says that "the man on the street is a religious supporter of Governor Wallace."

Yet even a man of Wallace's staggering popularity must expect to lose some support when he gets a reputation — as, in some quarters, Wallace now has the reputation—for debt and taxation, favoritism, hypocrisy and ruthlessness.

Wallace's capacity for revenge is well known. Shortly after President Kennedy's assassination, Judge Roy Mayhall of Jasper, chairman of the Alabama Democratic Committee, made an impassioned talk to a Young Democrats meeting at which he laid down the theme that "we are all to blame for his death." Wallace, who had been in Dallas the week before the assassination visiting H. L. Hunt and damning the administration in speeches before right-wing groups, was incensed by Mayhall's charge.

For days thereafter, visitors to Wallace's office were brought up sharp with the question, "Do you think I helped kill Kennedy?" When a visitor assured Wallace that he did not so think, Wallace would flare back, "Well, Judge Mayhall thinks I did." Brooding on this fancied accusation, Wallace finally decided to unseat Mayhall, a circuit judge of high repute for twenty-one years, and applied the full weight of his office and machine to achieve his vengeance.

There are those in Alabama who, knowing Wallace's sensitivity to slight, think his present rage against Lyndon Johnson may stem from the time of the Kennedy funeral. On that occasion, Johnson held a reception and Wallace went through the receiving line. Johnson pumped Wallace's hand industriously enough —but the new President's eyes were on Governor Rockefeller, the next man in line. Johnson failed to look Wallace in the eye! The little Alabamian considered this a calculated insult and returned home fuming.

One of Wallace's most intense grudges whirls around Oregon's Sen. Wayne Morse who, during last year's school integration uproar, called Wallace a "punk." The Governor retorted that he would "rather be a punk than a pink," and suggested that Morse "should have his head examined." Morse promptly made public a private file of the Veterans Administration which showed that Wallace was on 10 per cent disability for combat-induced "psychoneurosis," and added that "since Governor Wallace has not been examined since November, 1956, it would seem to be appropriate for him to volunteer to be examined (by a psychiatrist) at this time." Wallace came back with the remark that Mrs. Luce must have been right, that Morse had been kicked in the head by a horse.

It was an undignified exchange, and one might have expected both men, when their tempers went down, to try to forget it. It hasn't been that way with Wallace. He never loses an opportunity to drag Morse into a discussion for further vilification, remarking on occasion: "Well, at least I have a paper that certifies I have 90 per cent of my

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faculties, which is more than Wayne Morse can claim."

Carl Elliott, who lost in a Congressional low-man race (nine running for only eight places), was done in when shortly before the primary 600,000 sample ballots displaying Wallace's slogan "Stand Up for Alabama" — and omitting Elliott's name — were distributed across the state. Behind this maneuver was an organization known as the United Conservation Coalition of Alabama, whose member groups included the White Citizens Council, the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society and some Republicans. Wallace claims he had nothing to do with this scheme, but people in Elliott's camp, knowing Wallace's animosity toward their "liberal" leader, find the disclaimer unconvincing.

Sometimes it seems almost that Wallace seeks revenge where he has no grievance. When he was ready to take his unpledged slate of electors to the people for a vote, he let it be known that if he found Republicans voting against it in any sizable numbers, he would settle their hash by redistricting the state. This was a profound threat to the Republicans because, since the state had not been redistricted after its loss of a Congressional seat following a drop in population, both Democratic and GOP candidates were running at large for the eight seats. In that situation, the Republicans had a very good chance of winning several of the contests—and, with a powerful shove from Goldwater's popularity, might perhaps have won them all.

The Republicans behaved themselves and Wallace's slate, even with most of the big city newspapers against him on this issue, carried the state by an impressive 5-to-1 ratio. It was a show of popularity such as no Alabama governor in modern times can point to, but apparently Wallace harbored the notion that his victory could have been still larger if some Republicans had not voted against him. He went ahead and called a special session and had the state redistricted. Now no more than one or two of the GOP candidates are given a chance to win in their districts, and the Republicans are understandably angry.

Those who insist that Wallace runs Alabama with the iron fist of a banana republic politico, point to the fact that he protects himself with two spy systems—one for politics, the other for social action. The network of political informers is made up of thirty officials, each assigned his special county or two counties, and instructed to report directly to Wallace any behind-the-scenes political activity he uncovers. The other secret force, unparalleled anywhere in the country, comprises twenty-six investigators who work directly under Colonel Lingo. They compile files on civil rights workers, newspaper reporters covering civil rights activities, and "subversives and anyone else who might cause us trouble," as Lingo puts it.

Wallace's fame rests entirely on his role as the standard-bearer of segregation, and that is the great irony of his career. For in truth, although Wallace has carried the message of segregation (sometimes thinly disguised as anti-federalism) north to the Canadian border, east to the Potomac, and west to the Negroless steppes of West Texas, no Southern politician has ever practiced segregation less successfully.

His failures began in 1958 when, in a dispute over Negro voter registration, Wallace, then a circuit judge, refused to surrender the registration records to federal officials. Federal District Judge Frank Johnson, Jr., told him to hand over the records or go to jail for contempt. Wallace denounces anyone who says he gave up the records as "an integratin', scalawaggin', carpetbaggin' liar," but in reputable circles the story persists that Judge Johnson threatened to lock Wallace up in the federal penitentiary for five years—long enough to prevent his running for governor in 1962—if he didn't produce the records, and that Wallace, to escape the contempt conviction, went contritely to Johnson's house at night. The judge, an old law-school classmate of Wallace, is too much a gentleman to go into details but he has said that Wallace obeyed the court in a "devious" manner.

The first time that Wallace ran for governor, in 1958, he was so moderate on the race question that one saw only Wallace bumper stickers in many Negro districts. In that campaign the Ku Klux Klan came out for John Patterson, and Wallace spent a good part of his time talking against the Klan. (Four years later, Wallace had the K.K.K. working for him, out tearing down other politicians' signs.)

It was only after the 1958 defeat that Wallace decided to go all the way as a segregationist. On election night, as he watched Patterson roll to victory, he told friends, "They outniggered me that time, but they'll never do it again."

And, in a sense, no other politician has been able to out-nigger him—in words. But as his defeated opponent, Ryan De Graffenreid, remarked when Wallace moved into the Governor's mansion in 1963, still breathing fire and brimstone: "It's been the same pattern in every state where you have a loud-mouth, rabble-rousing Governor. They have brought the walls of segregation tumbling down on their heads."

De Graffenreid was a prophet. In his inaugural address last year Wallace promised "segregation today, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever." But forever lasted only five months, and today Alabama's schools are among the most desegregated in the South. All the state universities are integrated, as are all the big city public school systems, and several rural systems too. Alabama is the only state forced to operate under a specific state-wide court order to desegregate.

Oxford, Miss., under Ross Barnett, was a tragedy; Tuscaloosa, Ala., under George Wallace, was only a farce.

Wallace rolled out all the dramatic props—national guard, state troopers, edicts — but nothing clicked, either on the college or public school level. The most he got for his theatrics was the complaint from local school boards in Huntsville, Mobile and elsewhere—who wanted to integrate and get on with their business—that this was interference of precisely the sort that Wallace found so deplorable when the federal government engaged in it.

The Alabama *Journal*, one of the few newspapers to oppose Wallace consistently, editorialized at the time:

> *It appears that our governor holds the Southeastern Conference title for the most desegregation in the shortest time. How long will his fire-and-fall-back tactics fool the people? Just as the people in London were soothed by the sound of anti-aircraft guns firing at nothing in the early stages of the Blitz—a calculated ruse to convince them that Britain was fighting back, thus to*

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bolster their morale—so does Wallace continue to set off impressively noisy blanks. The people love it, sad to say.

One Alabama college president, appraising Wallace's "successful failure" as a segregationist, said, "I would term the Governor a pseudo-demagogue because he really doesn't believe what he says about the race question. He uses it only as a technique to get the vote of the non-sophisticated white man."

Just last month Wallace summoned the Alabama legislature into another special session—a one-day affair to cost the state $7,000—in a last-ditch try to initiate a nationwide constitutional convention for the purpose of passing an amendment that would give the states sole control over schools. Not even Wallace feels that this is anything but another grandstand play. Thirty-seven states would have to join Alabama in seeking the convention, and then three-fourths of the states would have to approve the amendment. No attempt to amend the Constitution in that manner has ever been successful.

In addition to an impassioned attack on integration, Wallace planned his winning race for the governorship around promises to stop corruption in state government. Shortly after taking office, he sent the liquor agents packing, and they were good riddance. Liquor stores in Alabama are state-owned, and the liquor agents—there were usually about 100—had nothing to do but drift around from store to store, talking up one brand or another. They were paid by the major distilleries, not by the state, and they were paid well—one of them drew $52,000 the last year he was on the job. The liquor agents had been appointed by the Governors, so the arrangement was one giant payola—and recognized as such by almost everyone in Alabama.

For wiping out the liquor-agent system, Wallace was widely applauded, though his manner of doing it drove all the major distilleries out of the state. (You can get Old Houndstooth or Bathtub Bonded in Alabama, but don't look for Canadian Club or Johnny Walker.) Alabama was on the way to clean government. Or was it? Before long, capitol watchbirds began to hear that one friend of Wallace had made a killing selling office supplies to the state, that another friend was getting wealthy selling macadam to the state highway department.

Then, a few weeks ago, the U. S. Bureau of Roads charged that in exchange for contracts Wallace was requiring road contractors to hire as "agents" friends of the administration — including Robert Shelton, grand dragon of the Klan in Alabama. Wallace's response was in character. Washington, he said, was trying to smear him because he was fighting all the godless left wingers up there.

It was a childishly petulant response to a situation that could cost Alabama millions of dollars in federal aid. If the Bureau of Roads proves its charges, it will have to withdraw all projected funds for highway engineering costs, and in addition it will sue for recovery of funds spent during the suspect period.

The degree of Wallace's gratitude to the federal government for its part in the road program may be noted all over the state on signs that glow in the dark along the new interstate highways. The motorist reads: "THE WALLACE HIGHWAY PROGRAM, Largest in Progressive Alabama's History. . . ." Flanking these proud words are reproductions of the Confederate flag and the Alabama flag. Missing is the United States flag—missing, also, any mention of what every literate Alabamian knows, that the federal government is paying for 90 per cent of the construction.

In winning Alabama's highest office Wallace also promised that there would be no more waste of state money. His inaugural speech contained the sentence: "The big wheeling cocktail party boys have gotten word that their free whisky and boat rides are over." And so they were. Whisky isn't served in the Wallace mansion. And one of the state's two yachts has been sold.

But Alabama found that there is more than one way to skin a state's kitty. Wallace, who had decried the seven-plane air fleet that had accumulated under previous governors, paid a quarter-million dollars for a Lockheed Lodestar to carry him on out-of-state speaking engagements. He takes with him on these trips three highway patrolmen

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as bodyguards, a sizable public relations staff and several important appointed officials. They are not inexpensive ventures, especially since the Governor is fond of making television appearances. No full accounting of his campaign expenses has ever been made. Wallace claims that they were all covered by free-will contributions.

The quality in Alabama politics that may eventually prove Wallace's downfall is the very rebelliousness which he encourages and which his career is based on. Alabamians are given to rebelling even against rebels. Winston County in northwest Alabama disliked the idea of seceding from the Union, yet felt it could not stay in the Union while surrounded by the Confederacy, so instead it seceded from the Confederacy and set up the Free State of Winston (briefly, for the Confederacy crushed it). The same spirit is found today in a tough and uninhibited group of Alabama legislators.

Wallace has several times proposed to the legislature that it increase his powers, but this minority group of Senators—using the filibuster with crushing effect—has so far held him in check. Seventeen days in a thirty-six-day regular session were wasted in filibuster, while Wallace's pet bills stacked up. At the most intense period, the rebel Senators talked back at Wallace for 108 straight hours.

When they resumed their filibustering in the special session, Wallace, infuriated, went on state-wide television — at state expense — to arouse public opinion against his opponents. He named four of them and said that if they wanted to oppose him they should have gone up to join the "Communists and beatniks" who attacked him during his Wisconsin campaign. By identifying only four of his enemies, Wallace was no doubt trying to minimize the size of the recalcitrant bloc. Actually there were—depending on the issue — between nine and twelve Senators who could be counted on to block Wallace's more extravagant moves.

He was beaten on the following important issues:

¶*Succession.* Wallace wants to continue in office for a second term, but by Alabama law, the Governor cannot do so. In fact, he must wait a year after his term expires before running for any office. Wallace wanted the law changed. He was beaten once by filibuster, and a second time by vote. It is now generally conceded that the succession bill is dead.

Enemies of Wallace may rejoice at this rebuff, but it means that, deprived of a second term as Governor, he will almost certainly run for the U. S. Senate against the moderate Lister Hill in 1968. He will be urged to this by intimates who believe their man shows up best in national politics. "I keep telling George he doesn't want to be Governor again," Montgomery editor Grover Hall said recently. "He wants to get some specialty like the Common Market and run for the Senate. He belongs to the nation."

¶*Patronage.* In a greedy grab for personal power, Wallace introduced House Bill 9, the "lawyer hiring bill," which would have given him sole discretion in the hiring of attorneys for the state's highway program. Under this bill he could have hired as many lawyers as he liked, for any purpose, at any salary, and taken the money from the education and highway funds.

Wallace was hungry for this bill, and when nine Senators stood firm against it, Finance Commissioner Seymore Trammell went to work. He telephoned the dissidents and told them he was going to see that road funds to their counties were cut off. For rural legislators that is a fearful threat, but only one of the nine backed down, and the bill was drowned in the filibuster.

¶*Segregation.* As part of his campaign to keep the Negroes in their place, Wallace introduced a bill which would have given him sole authority to name the county registrar committees. As it stands now, the commissioner of agriculture, the state auditor and the Governor each appoints one member to each of the three-man county boards.

The implications of this bill are easily estimated by recalling that last February, M. L. Bearden, chairman of the Birmingham board of registrars, told the Justice Department that Wallace had tried to get the state auditor, who had appointed Bearden, to fire him. Wallace's complaint: Bearden was registering Negroes. Wallace said that *his* appointee on the Birmingham board had registered no Negroes, whereas Bearden was turning the board over to the NAACP. Wallace's registrar bill died in the log jam created by the filibuster.

¶*Education.* Wallace made two grabs for control of the state colleges, both senior and junior. One bill would have ended the present system by which the University of Alabama board of trustees is self-perpetuating, each board choosing its own replacements. Wallace would have transferred the power of appointment to himself, and would no doubt have used it to straighten out people whom he frequently refers to as "pseudo-intellectuals." He is reputed to have said that he would fire University of Alabama President Frank Rose "in a minute" if he controlled the regents. (Rose supported the comparatively moderate De Graffenreid in the last gubernatorial race.)

Economically, Alabama is in a mess. Its budget droops beneath a $365 million bonded indebtedness —all piled up since 1951, and one-third of it in two years under Wallace. It is anticipated that the state highway department will soon be allocating one-third of its income (from gasoline tax, etc.) for debt. Alabama has reached the point where it pays $40,000 a day in interest alone—interest on bonds that were issued without a vote of the people.

In a special session, Wallace rammed through a $100 million bond issue for highways, amortized in such a way that not one penny will be repaid until four years after he has left office. Interest on those bonds will total more than half the principal. The Governor had said he needed only $60 million for highways, but he got $100 million. The extra $40 million, as one practical legislator put it, "he used to buy us with county roads."

Typical of the economic sorcery that guides the state's finances is the undirected and confused junior college and trade-schools program. This was Wallace's baby, and he got the legislature to vote him $15 million to build five junior colleges and five trade schools. Or at least that's what the legislators thought they were voting him. As it turned out, the number of schools wasn't written into the bill, and by the time Wallace's floor lieutenants and friends had been rewarded with structures, the program had ballooned to twenty-eight junior colleges and trade schools. Wallace

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had to go back to the legislature for another $15 million. That made $30 million for building, and not one cent for operation. Let the next governor worry about operation.

State Senator Gilchrist, a leader of the filibusterers, describes Wallace as "a liberal in every way outside of the federal-state relationship. He has the borrow-tax-spend philosophy of a liberal. He has borrowed, taxed and spent more money in his term than in any other two-year period of Alabama history."

A Montgomery newsman, a close observer of Wallace's administration, agrees: "Except for his race relations, Wallace is way out in left field." Wallace has increased old-age assistance (now $80 a month, quite high for the South), eased the requirements for getting on state pensions, increased state participation in the federal old folks' medical-aid program, raised teachers' salaries, raised the budget for public schools by 22 per cent, and the budget for higher education by 26 per cent.

These were smart political moves. One of the pillars in ex-Governor Big Jim Folsom's old political machine was the state's 110,000 pensioners. Wallace, a former Folsom field strategist, went out for that bloc support and has no doubt got it.

These moves on Wallace's part do sound rather liberal, but in fact the liberalism of a program depends on who pays for it. In Alabama, the consumer pays. Alabama is one of the three or four greediest consumer-tax states in the nation. Its sales tax is now 4 per cent, and most Alabama cities add on another 2 per cent. That's across the board—groceries and medicine and newspapers included. (The Farm Bureau—which along with the banking and insurance lobbies is one of the three politically most potent groups in the state—admires the sales tax as a source of income because the material its members buy—farm machinery, seed, fertilizer, etc.— is exempt.)

To raise the money he wanted, Wallace has allowed another penny to be put on the sales tax—although for weeks in advance he swore to organized labor that he would not sign the bill to increase the tax. Wallace had *proposed* a tax on utilities, a tax on insurance premiums, and a bill providing for the reversion of property to the state in cases where there are no legal heirs. But these were just put up to make the poor man feel better; as Wallace must have known, they didn't have a chance of passing (only the estate bill got as far as a floor vote). It is generally felt that Wallace used them as bogies to scare banks, insurance companies and power companies into supporting the increased sales tax.

The critical moment in Wallace's career may very well be at hand. Beneath the great, garish, flapping circus tent of his success are many incidental defeats that show him to be, notwithstanding his own opinion of himself ("I am the law"), far from politically omnipotent. His several major efforts to gain more power through the legislature were all defeated, and he has met with embarrassing reversals in other areas. He invited the Governors of Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida to meet with him in New Orleans to prepare ultimatums for the Democratic convention. The support he got from them was, at best, divided; Faubus of Arkansas and Bryant of Florida side-stepped his appeal for solidarity.

The half-attained walkout of the Alabama delegation at Atlantic City was, according to Wallace's plans, supposed to be joined by the delegations of North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana and Arkansas. That fell through. The day before the convention opened Wallace, through his henchmen, invited the delegates from all thirteen Southern states to a strategy session. Almost at once it became apparent that the session would be conspicuously ill-attended and Wallace tried to have it called off. The time was too short and he had to go through with it: except for the Alabama delegation, the hall was almost empty.

A few weeks ago, Wallace called his unpledged electors together and asked them to resign so that a pro-Johnson group could be named in their place—to be almost certainly defeated by Goldwater electors. Surprisingly, however, his own hand-picked group balked at resigning.

Finally, if Wallace continues on his present approach to popularity, he will eventually find himself helplessly entangled in a one-issue appeal, which even some of the most dedicated Southerners outside of Alabama are tiring of, and which, conceivably, even Alabamians will eventually find tiresome. Sen. Sam Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, who co-managed the civil rights filibuster with Georgia Sen. Richard Russell, called Wallace "The chief aider and abettor of those who would pass such bad legislation as

this civil rights bill." Russell added, "Any realist knows that the 'separate but equal' doctrine is finished."

At heart, Wallace is a populist. He grew up poor; the mortgage on his family's farm was foreclosed in 1937. Grateful for what the New Deal was doing for rickety Alabamians, Wallace was a devout follower of Franklin Roosevelt. When he graduated from law school, times were so hard he got a job driving a truck. Some of his early married life was lived in a renovated chicken coop. When he became a legislator, he did not forget his background. He sponsored a number of progressive bills and pushed them through. And as recently as the early 1950s, he was stumping the state for progressive Big Jim Folsom, and damning the rich folk who opposed Big Jim's aims.

Then Wallace, like the great but tragic populist Tom Watson half a century ago, decided he could not really get to the top and stay there by dealing in economic problems—that he would have to bow to what Watson bitterly had called "the inevitable nigger question."

Wallace, too, acts as though it were inevitable. A close friend asked him recently if he did not think that eventually, as Negroes become

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more widely registered and Southern city folk become more adjusted to the law, perhaps he would have to modify his position toward the Negro, as Sen. Russell Long had done.

No, said Wallace, he could not do that. In fact, he added, the Southern white would have to think increasingly in terms of bloc vs. bloc, and fight it out at the polls that way. If national politics has a place for a man with that rigidity, then Governor Wallace, with his proven ability to rally the masses, may have a fine future ahead. But for his type there is no middle ground, and if he has guessed wrong, then he can at best hope to be placed beside that old broken musketeer, Ross Barnett, in Dixie's wax museum.

A Little Night Music . . . . . John Beecher

New Orleans

Outside the wrought-iron gate of Preservation Hall on St. Peter Street in New Orleans stood "Babe" Stovall. For once he was not carrying his battered old guitar case. A refugee from the cotton fields of southern Mississippi, "Babe" sings country blues and spirituals in the hall sometimes for coins tossed in a basket. With him that afternoon was a quiet young Negro, his nephew Lester Ratliff. They were fresh out of the Orleans parish jail.

We had read about the big police raid on the Quorum Club, at 611 Esplanade, the night before. The *States-Item* had given the story a front-page spread: "JUDGE ORDERS $100 BONDS IN VICE SEIZURES. Police Sergeant Frederick Soule, Jr., said the site—a downstairs coffee shop and upstairs apartment—was the scene of Communist propaganda, homosexual parties and integration agitation."

Al Jaffe, who runs the concerts of jazz originals which draw people to Preservation Hall from all over the world, unlocked the graceful iron gate and let "Babe" and his nephew in.

"We wasn't doing nothing wrong and they threw us in jail," "Babe" said. "Kept us all night long with no place but the floor to sleep. My daughter, Betty Jean, is still locked up and about to go plumb out of her head. Wonder can you gentlemen help me get Betty Jean out of that place? I never see the like all my life long. I wasn't disturbing nobody's peace like the policemen say, just picking my guitar and singing."

At the Criminal Courts building on Tulane Avenue we could unearth no one who was willing to accept the $100 cash bond money which we sought to post for Betty Jean's release. The game was to make us go to one of the bonding companies across the street, but that would have cost "Babe" a nonreturnable fee of $25. A man with a wife and ten children, existing on the proceeds of passing round the basket at his occasional "gigs," could ill afford a $25 gouge.

I phoned the office of the Lawyers' Constitutional Defense Committee, a group of attorneys from all over the United States who devoted their summer vacations this year to defending civil rights workers in Mississippi and north Louisiana. George Hinkley of New York came over right away. He tried to secure Betty Jean's release through a phone call to the judge.

The judge was not at home to Hinkley, although a few minutes later a call from the bonding company where we went next brought His Honor instantly to the phone. Only if we paid the bonding company the $25 would the girl be freed, we were told.

I then called Jack Nelson, a local attorney. Nelson handled the Tulane desegregation case, as well as many other sit-in and civil rights cases. Last year he received the annual award of the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties. He is also vice chairman of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice. Nelson drove down from his home and talked with us before telephoning the judge and arranging for Betty Jean to be paroled to himself. The girl was released, shaken by the brutality to which she had been subjected, and almost hysterical with fear that she would lose her job as a maid in a motel.

The next night Loyola University was throwing a civil rights party under the sponsorship of Father L. J. Twomey's Institute of Human Relations. I had been asked to give a reading of my poetry there. I took "Babe" Stovall along. He received an ovation from the large integrated assembly of priests, seminarians, students and Summer Project civil rights workers in from the front lines of north Louisiana and Mississippi. It happened to be the feast day of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Archbishop John Patrick Cody of New Orleans put in an appearance, together with Father Andrew C. Smith, president of Loyola University. It was a real switch for "Babe" Stovall, arrested and jailed July 29 for singing at an integrated coffeehouse, feted July 31 for singing the same songs before the Archbishop of New Orleans and other leaders of the Catholic community at an integrated university function.

A few days later I gave another poetry reading. This time it was at the Quorum Club on Esplanade, bordering the French Quarter. Investigation had convinced me that the July 29 raid was a police frame-up, and my reading was a benefit for the seventy-three persons who had been arrested and jailed.

John Beecher, on leave of absence as poet in residence at the University of Santa Clara, is now a correspondent in the South for the San Francisco Chronicle. *Mr. Beecher's latest book is* Report to the Stockholders and Other Poems *(Monthly Review Press).*

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A tremendous spirit of fighting back against the police was in evidence at my reading; the floor was packed and people were hanging in the windows and doors. A New Orleans TV station made a documentary of the affair. Afterwards I started digging into the background and real nature of the raid.

On the night of July 29, there was the usual quiet crowd in the Quorum, which occupies the ground floor of an old house. The two upstairs floors are private apartments. In one of them a party was going on that night, quite unconnected with the Quorum except that whites and Negroes were present both there and in the downstairs coffeehouse. In the Quorum people were conversing at the tables over coffee and bottles of pop, alcohol being strictly prohibited on the premises. At one table a chess game was in progress. "Babe" Stovall, who had been fetched from his nearby slum quarters to furnish some entertainment, sat down on the little stage and began tuning his guitar. His daughter, Betty Jean, and his nephew, Lester Ratliff, who had come along with "Babe" for company, sat down at a table and were served a glass of iced tea and a Coke. Everybody stopped talking when "Babe," a great favorite at the club, began his theme song, a spiritual called *Time Is A-Windin' Up.*

Time—time—time is a-windin' up,
Destruction on the land,
God goan' lift His hand.

A fat, pompous Negro often seen in the club made his way up to the stage and handed "Babe" a paper. People assumed he was requesting a number. "Babe" stopped singing and put down his guitar in astonishment.

"This is a raid," shouted the fat Negro, glaring at his fellow patrons. They guffawed, thinking it a gag. "I ain't kiddin' you," the man bellowed. "All y'all line up against the wall." A half dozen uniformed white cops then surged into the club and began shoving people around in the usual New Orleans style.

The fat Negro was one of two Negroes among a number of undercover police agents who had been assigned to get something on the only truly integrated place of public resort in the city. The South Louisiana Citizens Council had first blown the whistle on the club last January. Jackson Ricau, executive director of the council and one of three Catholics excommunicated for attempted sabotage of parochial school desegregation in the archdiocese, had called for a crusade against the Quorum in his monthly bulletin. The club, Ricau maintained, was "nothing more than an integrated meeting place (white girls, Negro boys; Negro girls, white boys) for our brainwashed youth. . . . They all take off their shoes and get real cozy. There are many rooms upstairs." In his February bulletin Ricau again called for the Quorum's extermination. "Black students," he wrote, "come from Chicago and New York and are paid to prey on our good white boys and girls." Ricau got in another lick about the "upstairs rooms" and posed the classic question, "Do you want your daughter to join this club?"

When the Quorum Club was raided, the private upstairs apartment where a party was going on was also hit. Police broke in and arrested everybody present. When the host protested, he was thrown downstairs. In all, seventy-three integrators were bagged upstairs and down, hauled off in paddy wagons, and held overnight in five small cells. Among those jailed were an attorney, two faculty members from Louisiana State University in New Orleans, a teacher from Xavier Preparatory School, several married couples who had left their kids at home with baby sitters, the seven-months'-pregnant daughter of a prominent Dallas attorney, together with her writer husband, scions of distinguished New Orleans families and three elderly ladies. These ladies had been out for a stroll down Esplanade, one of the loveliest streets in town, and had dropped into the Quorum for a cup of coffee. One of the three was the widow of a sheriff.

The sexes as well as the races were segregated in jail. A young woman was saying good-by to her escort through the bars. An officer yanked her away: "Quit talkin' to that nigger, lady!" "That 'nigger,'" replied the young woman, "is my husband." She was a quadroon. The white women, including the sheriff's elderly widow, reported being "talked to terrible" by the police while in jail. All were obscenely reviled and accused of sexual intimacy with Negroes. A prominent local attorney said to me later, "The police of New Orleans, reasoning perhaps from their own habits and proclivities, cannot envisage whites and Negroes coming together for any other purpose than to copulate."

Next day the afternoon *States-Item*, only New Orleans alternative to the morning *Times-Picayune* but also a Newhouse paper and published out of the same shop, carried a story on the raid which read more like a typical smear in an ultra-Right hate sheet than an account in a responsible newspaper. The fact that the charge was only a disturbance of the peace was glossed over completely. Following the sweeping allegations of communism, homosexuality and integrationist agitation given by Sergeant Soule, chief of the vice squad, one of the two Negro undercover police agents was interviewed at length.

"We were in the club on two or three occasions," this man said. "There was an assortment of people, mostly homosexuals. There were a lot of beatniks, strumming guitars with no tune for hours and things like that going on. Intellectual conversations without any point. . . .

"There were conversations on the value of communism and how much better it was than democracy and like every night classes on voter registration. They had blanks, sample questions and all to fill out."

The "Communist propaganda" charge is repudiated by every person familiar with the club. No evidence of homosexual parties has yet been produced. Even the voter-registration classes which the Negro undercover agent seemingly equated with communism—leading one to wonder what he meant by the word "democracy"—never took place. The only "blanks" ever on display at the Quorum were petitions to save the Canal Street trolley cars which have since been replaced by buses despite a campaign by lovers of the old New Orleans.

Next morning's *Times-Picayune* rehashed the story, stressing again the Communist-homosexual fabrication, and publishing the names and addresses of all seventy-three persons taken in the raid. In the case of Negroes, designation of race followed their names, a rule of style when reporting crime in the local press. Immediately following the revelation of the identities of those arrested, economic reprisals and obscene phone calls began, as the

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The Quorum Club

Times-Picayune no doubt foresaw.

Mrs. Charlene Jennings, a young mother of two who had been nabbed in the raid along with her husband, Ben Jennings, reported to her usual secretarial job at Emile Babst, electrical contractors of 4034 Tchoupitoulas, only to be fired on the spot. "We had a couple of calls this morning. Your name was in the paper." Later in the day the Jennings family received an eviction notice from their apartment at 1127 Royal Street in the Quarter. No reason was given.

The Jenningses were also pilloried by the Parents and Friends of Catholic Children. This piously disguised hate-merchandising outfit does its dirty business out of P.O. Box 3071 in New Orleans. It also operates a block of telephone lines which spew fantastic and constantly varied lies into the trembling ears of dialers. Most messages deal with international Jewish plots and race-mixing conspiracies. Cigar-chomping Judge Leander Perez, the excommunicated racist dictator of Plaquemines Parish, is likened to Joan of Arc burned at the stake by a Satanic Archbishop resembling the present incumbent of the See of New Orleans. The Jenningses were named and their address given in a recording played over phone number 242-5500. The Southern Bell Company of Louisiana flatly refuses to divulge the source of these vile messages, although the Parents and Friends of Catholic Children have given the secret away in their literature. The company maintains that the systematic assassination of character is privileged when it is conducted over a telephone line.

"More than just coffee was being served at the coffeehouse," declared the anonymous voice at the other end of the line when 242-5500 was dialed. "Integration, a discussion of Communist over American ideals, and a sprinkling of sex made up the ingredients of this weird and very strange concoction. This was a real *jambalaya* of moral and social outcasts and misfits. Among those attending were Ben Jennings of 1127 Royal. . . ." There followed several names selected at random from the *Times-Picayune* list. "How many more were also present at this association of whites and blacks dancing together, carousing together, and discussing Communist literature and propaganda? Sergeant Soule of the vice squad stated. . . ." The recording wound up with a digest of the *States-Item* article.

Hermann Deutsch, veteran columnist for that newspaper, added some embellishments to the smear job. In a column captioned POLICE DID RIGHT IN RAIDING "CLUB," Deutsch expanded the field of "vice" represented at the Quorum, muttering about dope addicts and alcoholics as well as homosexuals. Not so much as a stick of marijuana had been found in the raid, much less any heroin. The Quorum was probably the only night spot in town where liquor was not served; a house rule does not allow even a can of beer to be brought on the premises. While referring darkly to "transvestites, junkies and kleptomaniacs," Deutsch did grant that some innocent persons had been swept up in the dragnet—"otherwise blameless young ladies and gentlemen, as well as an egghead, beatnik and bleeding-heart contingent." Deutsch concluded his slanderous column sanctimoniously with a text from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. "Evil associations corrupt good manners" was adduced to prove that the Apostle would have blessed a vicious police frame-up.

Four of the seventy-three persons rounded up at the Quorum Club panicked and pleaded guilty to the charge of distrubing the peace. An absolute terror of the police is prevalent in New Orleans. On all sides one can hear the fatalistic saw, "You can't fight City Hall." But the four who "chickened out" found other excuses for their capitulation —impending trips to Europe, necessity for peace of mind, etc.

Sixty-nine people, however, would not be moved and entered not-guilty pleas. "I told the judge I ain't did nothing," "Babe" Stovall asserted, "and I be dawg if I was going to say I did." Trial of the sixty-nine was set for September 22, almost two months after the raid. The excessive delay was obviously intended to apply the maximum pressure on the defendants, permitting the newspaper smears and hate messages to create a climate of ostracism and potential violence.

But it did not work out that way. At first the raid seemed to have achieved its major purpose. Most of the Negro patrons of the club stopped coming. So did a number of the white habitués. Property owners in the vicinity of the Quorum held indignation meetings. So out of their minds with venomous hatred were they that one more level-headed member of the group confessed to me his conviction that bombing of the club was imminent. He discontinued his usual evening promenade past the Quorum lest he and his pair of dogs intercept the explosive. The stewards of the Chiesa del Redentore, the Italian Methodist Church next door which owns the Quorum building, were pressured into asking the club to vacate. For good measure, another city department cracked down on the club, alleging a zoning ordinance had been violated, and threatening to lift the Quorum's legitimately granted restaurant license. The Parents and Friends of Catholic Children put a new recording on the line, claiming that the Quorum on Esplanade was associated with Bobby Baker's notorious Washington club of the same name, and had

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been established to corrupt a previously virtuous New Orleans.

Despite the smear campaign, the falling away of the timorous and the general terror, the directors and friends of the Quorum fought back. Perceiving that the real issue was integration, which would be dealt a heavy blow if the Quorum defendants should be found guilty, the New Orleans NAACP took up the case and offered the defense its full support. A number of benefits were held, culminating in a Human Rights Rally at a French Quarter theatre just prior to the trial. No cops interrupted "Babe" Stovall on this occasion. The "guitars without any tune" came on stage—played by a couple of good flamenco men and an exceptionally good classical guitarist. Poetry and speeches completed the program, which was extensively covered by two New Orleans television stations, although the newspapers boycotted the rally.

The case was finally brought to trial September 22 in an overcrowded municipal courtroom on Rampart Street. The defendants were represented by a battery of fifteen lawyers including Ben Smith, Louisiana representative of the American Civil Liberties Union; Ernest Morial, president of the New Orleans NAACP; Earl Amedee of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund; and Jack Nelson.

After an attempt to try the defendants en masse had collapsed, it became apparent that the police were unable to identify the causers of the "disturbance." The city attorney then moved to nol-pros and the entire case was dismissed. The city attorney now threatens to charge the host of the private party, who was thrown downstairs, with "assault" for allegedly tearing an officer's shirt on that occasion. This is probably just about as true as Sergeant Soule's feverish tales of "Communist propaganda, homosexual parties and integration agitation," though it does represent a great reduction in the scale of the lying.

Space Crescent III

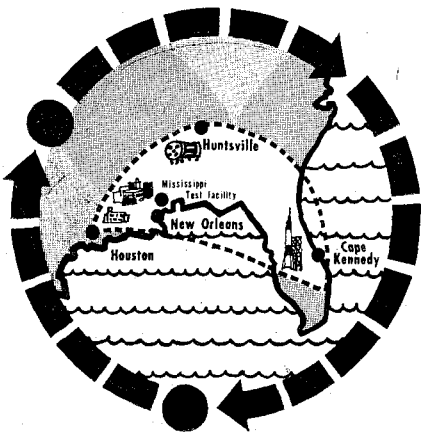
The Wide Blue Porkbarrel . . . . . William S. Ellis

If the space age has not eliminated the smoke-filled room, it has at least opened a window and given air to fundamental and sometimes obscured values. —Lyndon B. Johnson

A worker in the campaign headquarters of Congressman Robert Jones opened a window and remarked that it was awfully hot, even for Alabama. It was only April, but already the scorching heat of Deep South summer had its grip on the land. Jones, who represents the district taking in Huntsville and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's sprawling George C. Marshall Space Flight Center, hurried out of the headquarters, saying he was off to the airport to meet his good friend, Olin Teague. The Congressman from Texas was coming to Huntsville to discuss space work and very possibly to put in a plug for Jones's re-election to the House, his tenth term.

Later, Jones interrupted his own campaign to fly to Texas and join Teague in dedicating a new dam. The significance of the exchange of visits is this: Teague is next in line to become chairman of the House Science and Astronautics Committee, and in that position will have much to say about the future of the space program to which the economy of Huntsville is irrevocably committed. As for Jones—he is chairman of the subcommittee through which funds for the dam in Texas were authorized. Such are the fruits of team play among major-league legislators.

Many things have been attributed to the nation's commitment to the exploration of outer space, but to include political fresh air among them, as President Johnson has done, is to put a strain on credulity. If anything, the billions of dollars set aside each year for NASA activity have stirred up a variety of unsavory political smogs. Nowhere is the odor more pungent than in the Gulf Coast space crescent.



Previous articles in this series have dealt with the economic and social impact of space on the gantry-spiked area that stretches from the east coast of Florida to Houston. However, it is only when one looks at the political aspect of the program that the gee-whiz glow of the man-on-the-moon effort becomes tarnished under a vinegary stain of well-aged Congressional seniority.

The extent to which the space program has become a part of American politics was vividly illustrated at the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City. The film tracing the rise of President Johnson's career in government laid great stress on his leading role in putting the nation on the road to marvelous achievements with brilliant gadgetry. A portion of John Glenn's triumphant welcome in New York, following his orbital flight, was shown in the film, the narrator observing that it was appropriate that Lyndon Baines Johnson should have been seated at the side of the astronaut during the parade down Fifth Avenue. It would have been even more appropriate had Glenn been carried piggyback along the route by the then Vice President.

William S. Ellis has been a reporter on papers in Montana, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Two years ago he became a free-lance journalist, and his articles have appeared in Harpers, The New York Times, The Reporter *and elsewhere. This is the last of three articles which Mr. Ellis wrote while on a grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund.*

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The John F. Kennedy memorial film, also shown at the convention, similarly touched on the space theme. Along with "Ask not what your country . . ." and *"Ich bin ein Berliner,"* was Kennedy's now-famous wish that the United States put a man on the moon before the decade is out. That mandate to NASA and to the areospace industry has been adopted as the creed of the space crescent. It has been printed, framed and hung over doorways and placed on desks.

High government officials, and those aspiring to office, are classified in the crescent as being for or against the program. The late President Kennedy was, of course, a friend. Indeed, his enthusiasm for space was his passport to much of the South, especially Houston. The day before his death, he appeared in that city and said:

There will be setbacks and frustrations and disappointments. There will be pressures for our country to do less and temptations to do something else. But this research must and will go on. The conquest of space must and will go ahead. That much we know. That much we can say with confidence and conviction.

President Johnson is more than a friend to the program—he is all wrapped up in it. Aerospace is rapidly becoming the leading industry in the country, and it should come as no surprise, therefore, that the corporate society has finally found a Democratic Administration with which it can walk arm in arm.

Barry Goldwater has been quoted as saying that he views the Apollo man-on-the-moon project with considerable misgiving. He would feel differently, perhaps, if the moon were of military value, but it isn't, and since few space dollars go to Arizona, the Senator stands opposed. These positions on space voyaging should not be overlooked when weighing the strength of the Johnson-Humphrey ticket in the crescent section of the South. In fiscal 1964, Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center spent $1.45 billion total, with Houston and the Gulf Coast area getting the largest slice. Many more millions of dollars were spent by contractors supporting the Spacecraft Center. If Goldwater were President, there would be a danger that that enormous flow of funds might be shut off.

What that could mean to a substantial number of residents of the crescent was summed up by a real estate salesman in the town of Cocoa Beach, which lies in the shadows of Cape Kennedy's launching pads:

I'm like most Southerners when it comes to passing judgment on the civil rights bill. That is, I don't like it, and I guess I'm lined up with Goldwater on that point. But if it means I've got to have a choice of letting colored people sit next to me in a restaurant or having Cape Kennedy closed up, well, brother, you can bet I'll let them sit. Not only that—I'll pass them the sugar.

NASA's official position on how it came to group much of its activity in the space crescent is that the area provided the magic combination of good weather (as this is being written, Hurricane Cleo is battering Cape Kennedy), connecting navigable waterways and the availability of graduate-study educational facilities. There is more to it than that. Political pressures, in the form of committee and subcommittee control led by Southern Congressmen who first came to Washington when science meant tapping the steam from mother's kettle, played a major role. In the House there were Robert Jones and Olin Teague and Albert Thomas, while the Senate had Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kerr.

The late Senator Kerr's Oklahoma only borders on the crescent, but he envisioned the day when his state would become the center of the space industry by developing its access to the sea. Rockets could be built in Oklahoma, he reasoned, and floated on barges down a navigable Arkansas River to the coastal launching areas.

North American Aviation, Inc., a major aerospace contractor, had faith in Kerr's dream. In 1962, the corporation opened a plant near Tulsa, and on January 8, 1963, it purchased hundreds of acres of land adjoining what would be part of the Arkansas River inland waterway. The dream had started to be-

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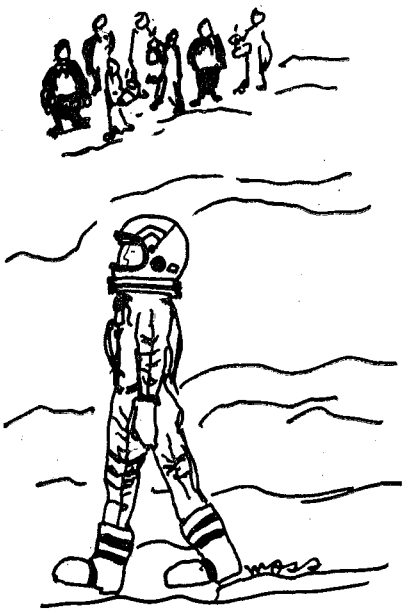
come a reality long before Kerr's death, and by 1970 a barge will indeed be able to move from a point near Tulsa to the Gulf of Mexico.

While Kerr was pumping life into the Arkansas River project—by far the most expensive single dip into the federal pork barrel — Albert Thomas, Congressman from Houston, and Lyndon Johnson, then a Senator, were busy paving the way for the entry of Texas into the space age. They were acting no differently from Kerr or other elected officials, but what should have caused concern escaped with little notice. That was the close friendship of Johnson and Thomas with a man named Herman Brown, a Texan of great wealth, much of which he had amassed through work done on government contracts.

Herman Brown had built for himself a black record of anti-labor activity; but still the parent contracting firm of his empire, Brown and Root, continued to receive one government contract after another, including many related to space-program construction. There were those in Washington and Texas who asked how that could be, but they really knew the answer. Herman Brown took a vigorous interest in politics, and the candidates he liked he supported with generous contributions. Herman Brown liked Lyndon Johnson and Albert Thomas.

When NASA was considering possible locations for the Manned Spacecraft Center, Thomas, as chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee that rules on the agency's budget, simply let it be known that he would be "disappointed" if Houston wasn't selected. At the time, Johnson was Vice President and chairman of the National Aeronautics and Space Council.

It is difficult for NASA officials to discuss events leading up to the selection of a site for the Manned Spacecraft Center without embarrassment, but Wesley L. Hjornevik, assistant director for administration at the Center, made an admirable effort when he said, with neither smile nor shuffle of foot: "For over a year we didn't know where to locate the Center. Studies were made and at first we decided to put it on Cape Kennedy [where many NASA people feel it should have gone]. When it was decided that it had to be somewhere else, we looked at twenty possible locations." He added



that one of the reasons it was necessary to locate the Center apart from other NASA facilities was that "we don't like to distract our people." NASA is riddled with interagency snobbery, a harmless enough emotional expression (God knows, not many human emotions are released in these new ghettos of scientific supremacy) except when it starts to play a role in the location of a $147 million installation.

When it was suggested to Hjornevik that the entire space program has a distinct Southern accent, he said he didn't feel that to be the case. He pointed out that much work is being performed in other sections of the country, notably California. That may be so, but the grouping of NASA facilities in the Gulf Coast area has set off a great many charges, many of them directed against James Edwin Webb, administrator of NASA and a North Carolinian. Webb, it should be emphasized, is quite willing to credit "politics" with having done much for the agency.

As the space crescent continues to prosper and gain in economic importance—as it continues to vibrate with the thundering energy of young people caught up in the coldly determined spirit of the space age—it begins to breed even more political power. So strong is the nation-wide commitment to send a man to the moon, and send him there in a hurry, that the voices of politicians with a constituent interest in the crescent have taken on tones of broad responsibility. When Olin Teague pulls a masterful maneuver to release space appropriations intact from a snag on the House floor, as he did in May, the action is appreciated not only in his own Texas district, but also in, say, Utah, where cutbacks in space-related employment could cause grave problems.

Outside the crescent, this new, decisive political force can be found in California. There, however, it is shaped not so much by the politicians as by the people who vote them into office. It becomes a power geared in large measure to an imaginary world where all problems are reduced to a simple choice of black or white; it is, of course, the power on which Goldwater rode to victory in the California primary and later at the Republican National Convention. In California, Goldwater's opposition to the Apollo program means little. It is taken for granted that he would fill the gap with a strong return to production of military missiles and aircraft, and that, certainly, would work no hardships on the state's economy.

Not surprisingly, Congressional critics of the vast sums being spent by NASA in the South are generally from states with little or no aerospace activity. Sometimes the criticism is intended to cover up a failure to obtain a lucrative government contract for the home district, but some legislators, among them Senators Wayne Morse of Oregon, J. William Fulbright of Arkansas and William Proxmire of Wisconsin, are genuinely troubled by the reluctance of Congress even to debate proposals to reduce space appropriations.

NASA seemed to go far out of its way to find a place for Oregon in its program—as if to appease the redoubtable Mr. Morse—when it recently sent a crew to the state for a series of what it called "astronaut mobility tests." The idea was to see how well astronaut R. Walter Cunningham could walk over the rugged lava beds of the Cascade Mountains while outfitted in a pressurized space suit. It was billed as a simulated walk on the moon, but what it amounted to was another of the agency's well-publicized (included in the crew of fifteen men were three public-information officers) and wasteful frills. One newsman watching the tests wondered aloud if they would have been conducted

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Voice of a Survivor

FOR THE UNION DEAD. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 72 pp. $3.95.

Richard Howard

Each of Robert Lowell's books has been a departure, the first the greatest embarkation of all, for in *Land of Unlikeness* the poet took leave of silence, to mourn the "fact" that when the soul has lost its likeness to God it is no longer like itself. The character of that unobtainable book (ten of its twenty-one poems were reprinted in Lowell's next) is, as Blackmur called it, fractiously vindictive, and the hallucinations it offers as Revelation are indeed just one damned thing after another. Since then (1944), Mr. Lowell has left behind many other things, enormous as the Catholic Church and Boston, and his arrivals, too, have led him to the end of so many lines that the apopemptic is the tone we have come to expect, after the six volumes of these twenty years.

With a remarkable consistency ("What Mr. Lowell says could not have been said, guessed at or tolerated before," according to Randall Jarrell, Lowell's best critic), these volumes have illustrated a dialectic of revolution and reaction, of raid and retreat. The claustral Christian dooms of *Lord Weary's Castle* (1946), charged with motionless emblems and the terrible apparatus of anathema and execration, yielded to the more responsibly projected dramas, the alterity of *The Mills of the Kavanaughs* (1951), which for all its "confusion," as Mr. Lowell now calls it, engaged with operatic zest in narrative and in the abrasion of one character by another. Then this tragic series, too, fell before the painfully anatomized selfishness of *Life Studies* (1959), with its feminist prose of little runs and gushes set between the magisterial rise of "Beyond the Alps" (reprinted in a larger version here) and what one is tempted to call the lying fall of "Man and Wife." Then elapsed a didactic interval ("When I finished *Life Studies*, I was left hanging on a question mark. . . . I don't know whether it is a death-rope or a lifeline"), five years of imitations and translations. Therapy—"written from time to time, when I was unable to do anything of my own"—extension of means, method acting, *Imitations* was often attacked, nearly as often defended (notably by Edmund Wilson), and for myself I must say that it was something of a discovery. If it failed to show me how to write translations ("about a third of 'The Drunken Boat' has been left out") it showed how they must be read, for if translations were not poems on their own they were pointless, and Lowell's imitations were always poems. They were also an attempt to explore what was *not* as well as what *was* Robert Lowell, who by then ("Cured, I am frizzled, stale and small") had become the most commanding poet in America.

What resources Lowell had come to command were shrewdly assessed by George Santayana: "It is hard for me to make it all out," he wrote of *Lord Weary's Castle*, "and I find a lot of words that I have to look up in the dictionary, and don't always find there; but gradually I am learning to understand, and it is worth the trouble, as most of the other cryptic poets have not seemed to me to be. He is very severe on Boston and on Convention, but he is no Communist or Atheist: on the contrary, evidently a Catholic and a sort of Voice Crying in the Wilderness, but at the same time thoroughly American, in themes and allegiance. Moby Dick is in the background." And five years later: "Lowell is a good deal like Rimbaud, or like what Rimbaud might have become if he had remained devoted to his poetic genius. There are dark and troubled depths in them both, with the same gift for lurid and mysterious images; but Lowell has had more tragic experiences and a more realistic background, strongly characterized.... Although he is not a person about whose future we can be entirely confident, it may well turn out to be brilliant."

So brilliant, indeed, that by the time Mr. Lowell has thanked T. S. Eliot and Hannah Arendt for correcting his French and his German, accepted "general stylistic suggestions" from Mary McCarthy and I. A. Richards, taken dictation from Ford Madox Ford, advice from Robert Frost and comfort from Allen Tate, we wonder how there could be much self left to celebrate or deplore—how, as Lowell once said of Hart Crane, "all the chaos of his life missed getting sidetracked the way other poets' did."* But we are wrong to wonder—there has been chaos to spare. "The kind of contradiction I am familiar with, a mush of obscurity and impossibility nailed to one by necessity": when *that* is the burden of a man's poetry, it is not surprising to find him attending to the sinuosities of his career with a programmatic diligence. "Almost the whole problem of writing poetry," Lowell has said, "is to bring it back to what you really feel, and that takes an awful lot of maneuvering."

Our literary pantheon abounds in exemplary calamities—from Crane to Roethke, we revere our fallen saints, the whiskey priests of American poetry. But Lowell, one feels after reading his last books, differs crucially from them by accounting for his failures not in his biography but *in his poems*. For Lowell, the poem is not a privileged terrain where everything comes out all right, while life goes down the drain; instead the poem is a kind of condemned site—

I watched for love-cars. Lights turned down,
they lay together, hull to hull,
where the graveyard shelves on the town . . .
My mind's not right.

A car radio bleats,
"Love, O careless Love . . ." I hear
my ill-spirit sob in each blood cell,
as if my hand were at its throat . . .
I myself am hell;
nobody's here—

where the bruised self reconnoiters its frontiers (characteristically including a reference to Marlowe's *Faustus*, in these lines from "Skunk Hour," the last poem in *Life Studies*) and maps a campaign of survival. One of the stratagems has been the discovery of prose: "On the whole prose is less cut off from life than poetry is. . . . I felt that the best style for poetry was

*The rest of the quotation is relevant as a fair account of Lowell himself: "He was less limited than any other poet of his generation. There was a fullness of experience; and without that, if you just had his mannerisms and not his rather simple writing—which if done badly would be sentimental merely—or just his obscure writing, the whole thing would be only verbal. It isn't. . . . The push of the whole man is there."

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none of the many poetic styles in English, but something like the prose of Chekhov or Flaubert." In the new book, however, even prose has been transcended, though the reins are kept loose:

We know how the world will end,
but where is paradise, each day
farther
from the Pilgrim's blues for England
and the Promised Land . . .

Ah paradise! Edwards,
I would be afraid
to meet you there as a shade,
We move in different circles.

This ruefully rhymed verse, with its little Dantesque joke—on Jonathan Edwards and the poet equally, I suppose—brings Lowell in this collection, which includes examples of his other manners as well, to the most comprehensive stance of his career. "Sterility howls through the scenery, but I try to give a tone of tolerance, humor and randomness to the sad prospect."

Tolerance, humor and randomness! What could be further from the qualities of "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket"? Only the sad prospect remains the same, exemplified in this volume as a moral insight, a particularly American one, as Santayana remarked, though it is no longer Melville and the horrors of the Absolute in the background, but Emerson and the ambiguities of compensation. Struck off baldly, the perception is that success involves and enforces failure, that achievement on one plane implies collapse on another, and that in degradation and despair there is a vision of life not available to the triumphant and the happy. Waste is seen as the terrible necessity of survival, overlooked to our cost.

This theme is most perfectly dramatized in the title poem—the title itself can be read so that the entire book is an exequy for all broken alliances, picked wedlocks, leagues betrayed. The Latin motto (*Relinquunt Omnia Servare Rem Publicam*) italicizes the irony: the state they relinquished all to serve, those Negro soldiers, has become the chaos of reconstructed Boston:

The Aquarium is gone. Everywhere,
giant finned cars nose forward like
fish;
a savage servility
slides by on grease.

The "out of bounds" values that were once located in "man's lovely,/peculiar power to choose life and die" have shriveled:

On a thousand small town New
England greens,
the old white churches hold their
air
of sparse, sincere rebellion;

instead of "bell-cheeked" Negro soldiers marching through Boston, the poet, "crouching" at his television set, now watches "the drained faces of Negro school-children rise like balloons." Each with its alarming resonance, the elements of reality—"a Mosler safe, the 'Rock of Ages'/ that survived the blast [under] boiling Hiroshima," the "parking spaces [that] luxuriate like civic sandpiles," and those "giant finned cars"—ride on what Frost used to call the poem's own melting like a piece of ice on a hot stove. In its intricate organization, its symbolism that seems so naturally observed when set beside the shrill evocations of Boston in the earlier books, the poem is the best, surely, in the present collection and the best poem about this Union today that I know. It is a response to Mr. Tate's classical "Ode to the Confederate Dead"—abrupt, harsh and curiously inward, where the earlier poem is plangent in its rhetoric and gives, now, a sense of lovely self-indulgence for which there is little time. And the poem is also an evidence of all that Mr. Lowell has learned from "imitating"—his Boston has all the overdetermined clarity of Baudelaire's dream city, so that what appeared, in *Imitations*, as:

Old Paris is done for. (Our cities find
new faces sooner than the heart.)
Its shell
was all I noticed . . .

Paris changes; nothing in my
melancholy
stirs . . . new mansards, arrondissements *razed* en bloc,
glass, scaffolding, slum wards—all
allegory!

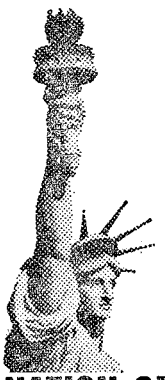
now becomes:

. . . in the heart of Boston
a girdle of orange, Puritan-pumpkin
colored girders
brace the tingling Statehouse,

shaking over the excavations, as it
faces Colonel Shaw
and his bell-cheeked Negro infantry
on St. Gaudens' shaking Civil War
relief,
propped by a plank splint against
the garage's earthquake.

If Robert Lowell's "voice in the wilderness" is calmer now, and all the more terrible for being so, it is hollow still with dreadful nostalgias:

Once my nose crawled like a snail
on the glass;
my hand tingled to burst the bubbles
drifting from the noses of the
cowed, compliant fish.



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My hand draws back. I often sigh still
for the dark downward and vegetating kingdom
of the fish and reptile . . .

Thus and elsewhere in this valedictory book, almost poem by poem, Lowell evokes the waste and the loss, the longing for a buried life, all the wreckage on which he has shored himself up in order to *make*, as the poet's character bids; item, in "Water":

We wished our two souls
might return like gulls
to the rock. In the end,
the water was too cold for us.

in "The Old Flame":

In one bed and apart,
we heard the plow
groaning up hill—
a red light, then a blue,
as it tossed off the snow
to the side of the road.

in "Florence":

Pity the monsters!
Perhaps, one always took the wrong side—
Ah, to have known, to have loved
too many Davids and Judiths!
My heart bleeds black blood for the monster.

And finally, most intimate of all, at the end of "Soft Wood," that ultimate knowledge—somatic and psychological, private and political—of the cost of surcease:

Each drug that numbs alerts another nerve to pain.

Such knowledge, with the release it brings, is of the highest order of sanity, of ripeness, of detachment from the destructive element. One remarks with a sense of poetic justice that this book is not dedicated to parent or wife or child, but beyond the bonds of blood and passion, to a friend.

Richard Howard is working on his second book of poems; his first was Quantities *(Wesleyan). He writes criticism for* The New Leader, Partisan Review *and* Poetry.

John Doe Meets Super Court

THE SUPREME COURT ON TRIAL. By Charles S. Hyneman. Atherton Press. 308 pp. $6.75.

Jack Leavitt

Charles Hyneman, a non-lawyer whose specialty is the theory of democratic government, has presented us with a clear, perceptive, impressive—and ultimately meaningless—study of the decision-making role of our highest tribunal. Let me immediately confess that "meaningless" refers less to shortcomings in Professor Hyneman than to my own skepticism, a condition which I hope indicates admirable qualities in both of us but a perversity in the subject matter itself.

I, for one, do not believe that impartial scholarship about our highest Court can be profitable. Invective would be, or special pleading, or gossip or plausible evasions; never bland rationality, however keen it might be. Why not? Because under the judicial robes will always be men for whom rationality is the means of exonerating their prior inclinations. The raw data presented for adjudication (i. e., the litigants' condemnation of one another's benighted self-interest) as fed into the data-processing organism (i. e., the head count which registers the Justices' unique views about proper behavior in legal crises) can no more be understood by reference to pure constitutional principles than a marriage can be by reference to the nuptial vows. Both judicial and marital ceremonies gratify the spectators, but the more significant activity takes place in the chambers.

Professor Hyneman, of course, disagrees about the value of his work. In this book, he focuses on the constitutional basis, if any, of judicial review and on the contrasting techniques by which activist and self-restrained Judges promulgate our law. He concludes his analysis by declaring that scholarship can prepare us for a wise location of authority to deal with problems that call for statesmanship. By analyzing the judicial process and judicial review he feels we can gain insight into the central question of how power is most wisely distributed in a governmental system. When we appreciate what our judges have in fact been doing and how those judges, elected officials and appointed bureaucracies, are knitted together in a compact governmental structure, we will be capable of making our own judgments as to the proper use of judicial power.

But how can we ever know what is a proper *use* until we know what is a proper result? And how can we ever know what is a proper result until we discover that the way we achieved our ideal is selective enough to bar later results which we detest? Can we, today, settle for a political system where power is wisely distributed when the repositories of that power will be men conscious of the flaws in their competitors' authority? What men can we trust with what words? Must we establish an inflexible system of checks and balances, in detail as well as in principle, when the real value of a Court of last resort is its enviable chance to do the unexpected?

What I suggest is that we recognize our highest tribunal as the mechanism by which any of us can perform a decisive act. In a nation of some 200 million people, separately unable to understand or influence the stream of events, a single individual can disrupt our national affairs in only two ways. He can either become a political assassin or a litigant in the Supreme Court. Regarded in that light, despite the indifferent odds against any one petition or appeal being heard, the Court stands for the promise that none of us is so overwhelmed by population statistics that he cannot emit one wild barbaric yawp (preferably in forty printed copies, accompanied by a $100 docket fee) and set this country right.

Professor Hyneman's neutrality seems out of place in such an arena, even though he has undertaken the role of nonpartisan observer to assist others in compiling their own measurements of judicial virtues. We cannot fairly evaluate the wisdom or morality of the Court's patterns of action until we, like the Court, encounter actual cases or controversies. Neither law nor justice can exist without winners, losers and anxious magistrates, for the concepts can be defined only in the concrete instance and not as abstractions. Beyond the here and now, our principles are inadequate assumptions that only a villain's ox will be gored.

Rather than accept Professor Hyneman's balanced account of our judicial branch, I prefer my own comment, given under stress, to a politically conservative dentist in the momentary interval between his frowning, "Well, you're a lawyer. How can you justify what they're up to?" and his thrusting all his fingers and most of his equipment into my mouth. "The Supreme Court," I said, "does what it thinks it should do."

Jack Leavitt is a member of the California and Illinois bars, and the San Francisco Law School faculty.

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Truth Strikes Out

Charles Cilo

If the baseball world circulates a trade paper, it is the *Sporting News*. In it one may discover what the third baseman for the Amarillo Polecats is batting, who the new manager of the Dallas Duds is—in short, the status of every ballplayer in every league in the country. There are also feature articles on currently "hot" players and warm pennant races. The paper distinguishes itself from other trades in that it never carries a classified section. No job openings. No positions wanted.

Precedent was broken last spring when the following ad appeared in words to this effect:

Position Wanted

Relief pitcher. Sometime practitioner of the art of retiring batters with runners on base. Experience: Cincinnati Reds; St. Louis Cardinals; Chicago Cubs, and Chicago White Sox. Phone James Brosnan, 800-000-000.

The writer of the ad, James Brosnan, is a big man with a strong right arm and a former star for the pennant-winning Cincinnati ball club in 1961. He can't find a job today on any ball club in the Major Leagues. Why? Has the arm atrophied? Do his curve balls "hang" when they should break? Has he lost the art of "retiring hitters with other runners on base"? No, Mr. Brosnan has been blacklisted from all twenty big league teams because he has chosen to combine the diamond with the pen. Mr. Brosnan writes. Articles for magazines. And worse, books.

Athletes with best-sellers are no phenomenon. There have been books like *Lucky To Be a Yankee* by Joe Di Maggio; and *Fear Strikes Out!* by Jimmy Piersal. But books of this ilk are always co-authored and depict the men in flannels as the heroes club owners would have the fans believe them to be. Mr. Brosnan wrote his own books, *The Long Season* and *The Pennant Race* (both Harper & Row), all by himself. And he told the truth.

Baseball heroes are supposed to be like Western heroes. They kiss their bat instead of the girl. They're the first to the ball park and the last to leave. They're in the big leagues because they're the cream of the crop of all ballplayers in the world. They don't care about money, or about how many fans occupy the stands. They have come to play ball, as good and hard as they can.

Mr. Brosnan's ballplayers, however, seem a bit more human. They swear. They flirt with, and perhaps even kiss, women (not necessarily their wives), chew tobacco, drink gin, gamble, hate double-headers, love money, and feel lousy when no one cares enough to see them play, worrying simultaneously about the turnstiles and lack of any audience.

Mr. Brosnan names real people, and he doesn't like everyone. He makes it clear that he regards baseball as a business, and proves his point by describing certain machinations behind the front offices of general managers and team owners, at times even involving network television companies. For example, in *Pennant Race*, Brosnan describes a game scheduled for April 15, 1959, in Busch Stadium, St. Louis. On this day, St. Louis received 2 inches of snow:

Natural elements of rain, wind, and cold make the playing field suitable for sowing rice, perhaps, but not for playing major league baseball. In the heated pressroom high above the mortal fans and players sits Arthur Routzong, business manager of the Cardinals. His eyes closed as he surveys the nationwide audience about to view the game on NBC-TV, Routzong parries a reporter's question with a ready-made policy answer: "Yes, it looks bad down there, but don't you think NBC would be very unhappy if we didn't play this game?" Amen.

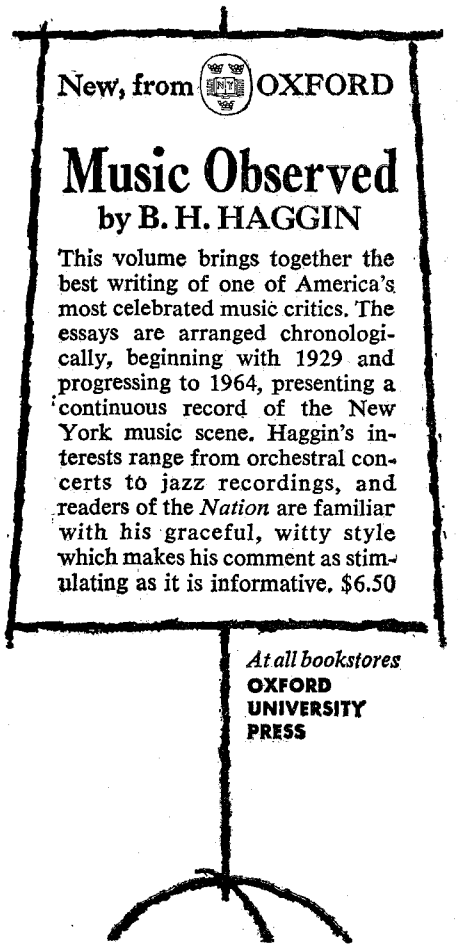
Brosnan's candor comes through strongest in the first of his two books. *The Long Season* tells about the 1959 season which he spent with the St. Louis Cardinals and the Cincinnati Reds. Neither of those teams scared the front runners to any degree, which may have contributed to the sharp tone. The days drag by, and if you aren't with a pennant contender, it is indeed a long, long way from May to September. Mr. Brosnan doesn't hesitate to disclose his lack of respect for the Cardinal's field manager, Solly Hemus. He paints Hemus as a little Napoleon with fungo bat who realizes his position is a powerful one, but doesn't quite know what to do with it:

Hemus had always had a reputation as a player, of being a crybaby. His respect for the umpire—baseball's representation of law and order — was meager, even for a juvenile delinquent.

The Long Season is wit-full of anecdotes, personalities and situations. It evokes a sympathy for the old pros who stumble on the year they can't make the team, and the youngsters who don't realize they have been predestined by the front-office gods to spend their entire diamond careers in some obscure bush league.

In *Pennant Race*, Brosnan devotes many words to a man he does respect — Fred Hutchinson (the big bear), manager of the Reds. He isolates a "consideration-of-feelings" attribute in Hutchinson which is conspicuously absent in too many other flannel-clad automatons. Though the book is "softer" than the first (there are no heresies about the Series, since Brosnan is himself caught up throughout this book in the excitement of a pennant drive) he remains consistently above the baseball clichés, and reports attitudes and actions accurately.

But baseball owners appreciated neither of Mr. Brosnan's books. Every club includes in its players' contracts a clause which entitles the club to see any manuscript the contractor in-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tends for publication. Brosnan resented this. He wanted to reveal the game as a business, as much so as AT&T; the owners sanction only the image of haloed heroes of glory. They, themselves wish to remain anonymous, well behind home plate and certainly off the pages of papers, magazines and books. Put them in print and they'll whisk you off the diamond. Such was the fate of James Brosnan, but he was not in the wrong business. He was a ballplayer. As bitter as he is with the organization, and the not too subtle hypocrisies that went on during the long seasons he played, he hated to see them end:

On the last day of the season baseball is a game that professionals really do play; *it no longer seems like work to them. It is virtually impossible for a ballplayer to convince himself that he will never play the game again. On the last day of the season baseball, truly, is in his blood.*

Charles Cilo is a free-lance writer who prefers baseball.

Blesse Mee and Thee

THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Geoffrey Keynes, Editor. University of Chicago Press. 4 Volumes. 1,766 pp. $37.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Browne, Richard Burton, Thomas de Quincy, Walter Pater — the last generation devoted to a plain, hard style, lumped together all writers of prose with a capital P. Purple patches and set pieces were not just at a discount; they were not read at all. Even the ceremonial wit of Gibbon was too much for those who thought Hemingway sounded like real talk and Raymond Chandler sounded realer still. Today when we pick up a copy of *Men Without Women* or *The Big Sleep* it sounds as literary as the blank verse of Webster. For almost all purposes a plainer style, however impractical, is unchallenged today. What little fancy writing there is is archaistic and deliberately returns to writers like Browne or Jeremy Taylor and by-passes completely the fancy writers of the Edwardian period and the Revolution of the Word of the years between the wars. If there are any disciples of James Joyce abroad, I am not aware of them, but Edward Dahlberg continues to astonish the latter years of the century with deliberate imitations of *Holy Dying, Vulgar Errors, The Anatomy of Melancholy* and Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History.*

There is no limit to the curious things that our affluent society manages to find to do with its leisure. Jazz trumpeters transcribe Guillaume Machaut. Gibbon, illustrated by Piranesi, decorates the bedside tables of the Jet Set. And technocrats in their garden suburbs lay aside their slide rules and marvel over the elegant theorems of Diaphantos of Alexandria in the long winter evenings. Years ago, I bought in Foyles's on remainder, the first edition of Geoffrey Keynes's *Works of Sir Thomas Browne* —the special issue on handmade paper—for 3 guineas. Today it is unobtainable at any price. It was one of the finest jobs of book making of the twenties and I treasured it for years along with the MacKenna *Plotinus, The Complete Works of Sturge Moore* and other items of that kidney. Alas, I no longer have it though I have clung to the Simon Wilkins edition of 1836 in three-quarter olive green levant, without a doubt one of the finest editorial jobs of its day.

It is very good now to have Keynes's editing, augmented and corrected and reduced to four compact volumes. The beautiful typography, I imagine, is Sean Jennett's, the man who gave Faber and Faber books their characteristic style. The binding is gray buckram, stamped with gold on maroon, the top edges colored, the paper, as so rarely now, certainly looks as if it would last my time. I say all this, not altogether tongue in cheek, because Sir Thomas Browne continues to be a bookman's author, however much his popularity may be growing.

Why read Sir Thomas Browne? For amusement. There is no better bedside reading. It is no accident that so many of his chapters close with melodiously fingered long-drawn-out linked cadences invoking sleep. "To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our *Antipodes.* The Huntsmen are up in *America* and they are already past their first sleep in *Persia.*" But there is amusement and amusement.

Like most of the finest amusers Sir Thomas Browne communicates a unique and precious quality of soul. At 32 he had made the Grand Tour and seen all that was necessary of the great world and graduated M.D. from the University of Leyden. A Londoner born, he settled in provincial Norwich, married and raised a happy family who became, each of them, a distinguished person. While the world fell apart in civil war, Commonwealth and Restoration, he exercised his massive intellect in the calm pursuit of the infinitude of five-fold patterning in Nature, in the origin of the gypsies, in why black bears sometimes have white spots, in the superstitions of the countryside, and in the curious customs of the antique inhabitants of the neighborhood.

Religio Medici, though written early, proved a summation of his life. He was a kind of ornate Montaigne, and it is not for nothing that the Continent thought him a Catholic skeptic and so translated him, while the Vatican decided he was an agnostic and epicurean and so condemned him. In his letters, especially to his family, the ornateness is modulated, but the taste for curious examples never tires, although in personal intercourse he tends to take his engaging instances from actual fact and personal history rather than books; his letters thus have a simple humanity still more Montaignean. In Wilkins' day, most of these letters were unknown. Geoffrey Keynes gives us 400 pages at least as delectable in their way as *The Garden of Cyrus* or the *Vulgar Errors,* at least as wise and certainly less quaint.

Far be it from me to scorn Sir Thomas' quaintness. It is as precious as anything among the oddities of art, but more precious still is the slow reverberation of a personality that grows through a lifetime of possession. That, of course, is what he is—one of the very few authors you discover in youth, buy for your own as soon as you can afford it, and read off and on all through your life. "Blesse mee in this life but with the peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of thy selfe and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity *Caesar.*"

Kenneth Rexroth is a frequent Nation *contributor. His most recent book is* Natural Numbers: Selected Poems *(New Directions).*

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God's Spies

Grandin Conover

In defiance of Huntington Hartford's docile collection of pastels upstairs, someone at his Gallery of Modern Art has smuggled a Film Centre into the basement devoted to the *avant-garde*. The first program was devoted to "Cinema vérité," or the New Documentary. At the conclusion of the series, the film makers and their critics met at a symposium to (1) define *cinema vérité*, and (2) define art, and then decide whether cinema vérité fit in. The talk was better than the usual panels on, say, the Modern Novel, or Contemporary Poetry, where such questions escalate into generalizations so self-serving and useless, that it seems unnatural in a Darwinian sense to find writers are still born with mouths. The film makers were specific and their shop talk instructive.

Richard Leacock led off with a story of how, when working with Flaherty, he had instinctively shied from photographing people, particularly their faces. The huge cameras whirring away like eyes from another planet tended to turn ordinary people into actors, bad ones. Thus, the documentary became that dull tour through General Motors you had to sit through in order to get Lana Turner—one remembers assembly lines of clean girls maniacally stuffing spark plugs into machinery vital to National Defense. Technology has since outrun *The March of Time*. Expensive hand cameras and hidden sound equipment enable a crew of two to sneak around and get the low-down. God's spies couldn't be more effective.

The first program featured three glimpses of celebrated North Americans hard pressed by their incredible 20th-century chores. *Primary*, a brief record of the Kennedy-Humphrey Wisconsin competition in 1960, by the Drew Associates, revealed the form's possibilities. Typical is a shot of Jacqueline facing members of the Middle West in a public hall. She isn't radiant, but smiling warmly enough, as if relieved that Rotarians are Americans too. Then the camera sidles behind her, isolating one white-gloved hand feeding the other, a cameo of clutching, knockled anxiety. How comfort the future First Lady? Even then it was obvious that electing her husband wouldn't. Previously unavailable except on CBS/NBC/SHT she seemed real to me for the first and only time. The audience was still, but wary, as if woken from a dream of kings and queens.

Showman Joe Levine, the movie impresario, was subject to the scrutiny of the Maysles brothers, who trailed him from airport to airport like a pair of portable Pepys filming someone else's diary. The Maysles are the purists of the movement, which is a less sinister way of saying they are virtuoso voyeurs. Total spontaneity is, of course, a chimera until cameras are as efficient as retinas and as tiny. But follow some poor famous guy around for weeks with a minimum of fuss and he and his flacks evidently forget about the faint whirring noise on the margin of consciousness and act out their days as naturally as African gorillas tracked by staff members from *The National Geographic*. The principle is to shoot practically everything and edit out the insignificant. You're never sure what the Maysles will edit out since they eschew editorial comment of any kind. I was glad we didn't follow Levine into the Men's Room, but I anticipated picking up on him in bed with Sophia Loren or Kim Novak with whom, it was established, he has to spend a lot of time arranging important things.

The evening concluded with *Lonely Boy*, a notorious product of the National Film Board of Canada. Paul Anka, a porcine, lonely enough boy with no talent, travels like a mendicant peddler over the continent yodeling about it—"I'm just a lonely boy, oy oy/Lonely and blue, eu eu." The girls have obviously heard better rock'n'roll, but they like Paul enough to suffer his songs.

"I worked a year to get my hair this way," Paul states intimately to the camera. He pauses, waiting for applause perhaps. The omnivorous camera eats away at his image as silent as a praying mantis. "You wouldn't believe it," Paul continues, wanly, eyeing eternity in the lense, "but I was once fat. I went out to the coast, I said, take this stuff off me, I don't care what you have to do."

"Paul will be the greatest overall star the world has ever known," Paul's manager declares, mentioning Shakespeare also: a bony bespectacled type who could have been the Dean of Discipline at a suspiciously lenient military school in Southern California, he and Paul "sit up into the wee hours" talking about greatness. They station wagon off into the morning, Anka fans at every junction guaranteed. Exhausted, Paul buries his head in the crook of his arm. The station wagon radio tunes in "Lonely Boy." It's stagy, but Paul seems to acknowledge that both he and the downy chicks who shriek his name grow older with every passing frame of film.

Crudely defined, the documentary *is* a "slice of life." A festival of them

Wheels

columbine in my brother's tan
fingers whirred
scarlet yellow
spurred

*

cotton candy
spun
in Janet's pink cartwheel
on her lawn

*

Willie's
running
sparkler
spoked our summer

*

a rainbow
leapt
from my musical
top

*

the lion-clipped
airedale
foolishly chased
his lion tail

*

purple agates
of the Clay Street gang
rolled terror
in our marble ring

*

above the
bare trees
wind rattled
a rosary of geese

*

snowman
torso
in the sun
burnt low

*

over
uneven
earth my father
was darkly driven

Raymond Roseliep

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can be a feast if the exhibitor fits the right slices together to make a pie. The first evening had a point: three shrewd juxtapositions of top North American mammals adored in different orbits for different reasons, each rippling like concentric circles the surface of the same stagnant pool. Whirling in and out of travel stations, one wonders what Jack Kennedy, Joe Levine and Paul Anka could have said to one another if they had all collided one stormy night in the old Idlewild bar. Nothing. Yet each traveled to some part of our condition; and the first has since had the airport named after him, proving the peril of moving among us. The Gallery's subsequent program featured some bright things, but lacked this kind of organizational flair.

La Lutte was the interesting film shown the second evening. Billed as a "candid view" of professional wrestling, it was a typical Canadian entry. The Canadian Film Board has earned a justifiable pre-eminence for their documentaries, but their films tend to be defensively arty, and their sound tracks suffused with amateur sociology. *La Lutte* offers some fine shots of a clean-cut Canadian surviving the gouging gang-ups of a team called the Mad Kangaroos who are all three eventually mashed into the mat by

Current Titles of Interest to 'Nation' Readers

THE FBI NOBODY KNOWS. Fred J. Cook. Macmillan. $5.95.

A long look at the Bureau and its director which is required reading for anyone who might someday fall under its scrutiny, an audience which includes everyone in the Democracy.

BARRY GOLDWATER: EXTREMIST OF THE RIGHT. Fred J. Cook. Grove. 75c paper.

The man and his record thoroughly scrutinized.

SNCC: The New Abolitionists. Howard Zinn. Beacon. $4.95.

A profile of the most intrepid of the civil rights groups, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, its methods, personalities and objectives sympathetically observed.

THE SOUTHERN MYSTIQUE. Howard Zinn. Knopf. $4.95.

Using both historical and contemporary evidence, the author demonstrates that the "mystery" of the South is essentially man-made, and that we now have the means to shatter this enigma.

INFINITY OF MIRRORS. Richard Condon. Random House. $5.95.

A novel of Hitler's era involving a marriage between a German officer and a Jew.

THE NEW EQUALITY. Nat Hentoff. Viking. $4.50.

A study of the meaning of the Negro revolution in which the author envisions a radical reordering of society as its inevitable result.

DANGER ON THE RIGHT. Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein. Random House. $4.95.

An analysis of the attitudes, personnel and influence of the radical Right and extreme conservatives in the United States today.

CONGRESSMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI. Frank E. Smith. Pantheon. $5.95.

The autobiography, political and otherwise, of a man who spent twelve years as a Congressman from Mississippi, trying to make a political career without pandering to racism, and failing.

LET IN THE SUN. Woody Klein. Macmillan. $5.95.

The biography of a tenement, 311 East 100th Street, New York City. A monument to failure and despair and how it got that way.

MY FRIEND DEGAS. Daniel Halevy. Translated and edited by Mina Curtiss. Wesleyan University Press. $6.

An intimate view of the artist and his era by one of Degas' closest friends.

RUSSIA MY NATIVE LAND. Gregory P. Tschebotarioff. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

An autobiography that spans half a century from Profesor Tschebotarioff's childhood in Imperial Russia to the day in 1959 when, as an American engineer in an exchange delegation, he returned to his native land.

RHYMES OF A PFC. Lincoln Kirstein. New Directions. $3.50.

A memoir cast in ballad form of the author's experiences as an enlisted man in World War II. Mr. Kirstein served in General Patton's Third Army from the Normandy invasion to the German surrender.

THE SIEGE OF HARLEM. Warren Miller. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

The setting of Mr. Miller's novel is a Harlem which has seceded from the Union and become a separate state.

MUSIC OBSERVED. B. H. Haggin. Oxford. $6.50.

A collection of reviews and critical essays that covers thirty-five years of the New York music scene. The author was *The Nation's* music critic from 1939 to 1957.

THE MOON-DOGGLE. Amitai Etzioni. Doubleday. $4.50.

This book is not the story of space capsules and astronauts, but of a policy tradition that sees excellent short-run planning wasted by a lack of long-run perspectives.

THE VERY THING THAT HAPPENS. Russell Edson. New Directions. $1.60 paper.

A first collection of prose poems and drawings by a *Nation* contributor.

O TASTE AND SEE. Denise Levertov. New Directions. $3.

New poems by the poetry editor of *The Nation*, the poet's sixth collection.

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO. Joseph Wood Krutch. William Morrow. $5.95.

Essays on the issues and phenomena from 1936 to the present, several of which first appeared in *The Nation.*

CONVERSATIONS WITH NELSON ALGREN. H. E. F. Donohue. Hill and Wang. $6.50.

Reflections on the author's life and literary experience.

DRIVE, HE SAID. Jeremy Larner. Delacorte Press. $3.95.

A novel of life in the academy, winner of the Delta Prize.

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the lone champion. Irritatingly, Bach is counter-pointed on the sound track, and in case we still don't get the point, a narrator breaks in from time to time with censorious remarks about what a put-up job the whole thing is, and how it's an example of the violence of our times, blah blah, etc.

Social critics are always attacking professional wrestling, not because violence exists, but precisely because it doesn't. Fans never feel cheated, however, because they instinctively realize it takes more skill to simulate a lethal rabbit punch than to actually throw one. The flips and dives, and jumping up and down on the adversary's stomach, the bellowing announcements of pain in inverse proportion to actual punishment received —the whole ceremony is a fine combination of comic incongruity and demanding athletics. Professional wrestling is to violence what the Greek tragic mask is to the human face, a stylization, just as burlesque is a ritual of lust. The film makes this abundantly clear; the narrative comment doesn't even correspond to what is happening on the screen. The announcer kept claiming the crowd was "going mad!" Most just seemed pleased with themselves, with their skillful performers, and with Canada.

The best single item of the series, which totaled eight films altogether, was Richard Leacock's *Happy Mother's Day*, a droll snapshot of likable Iowans cashing in on a biological extravagance. Shy Andrew and Mary Ann Fischer, who already had quite a few kids, had five more all at the same time. They didn't seem to mind, but *Life* magazine and tough staff ladies from *The Ladies Home Journal* did, and the home-town folks were quick to catch on. The Chamber of Commerce managed to press into service every available drum majorette to march down Main Street in favor of fertility, parades that seemed almost medieval in their devotion to the Conception. Souvenirs were being sold, but Americans have traditionally exploited their natural resources, as much from bafflement as greed. What else do with them? Today, the trees are herded together on this continent like so many survivors of a concentration camp, and fish float, belly-up, on the sewage that used to be streams, but if quintuplets can still be born in Iowa, then Nature can still be addressed as the inexhaustibly resourceful servant of Man. Freaks are our last talismans of awe. According to Leacock's camera, Mrs. Fischer suffered the ceremonies in her "honor" (the furs and favors from local merchants), with a poker-faced grace that elevated common sense to one of the romantic virtues.

Leacock's triumph was one of tone as well as candor. Everything was shown, nothing patronized. Flaubert could not have improved on certain scenes, distillations of cupidity in which the subjects revealed themselves as efficiently as if they had been dramatists' invention. The techniques of Cinema vérité can be applied to fictions—"movies" with Lana Turner and Lassie—but Leacock seemed to speak for all the documentors in stressing that he was most concerned with the pedagogical opportunities the form provides, the chance to "show what really happens in a society." The results may continue to astonish and exhilarate. It has been speciously rumored for years that the United States is only an armed collection of Shopping Centers just pretending to be a Country; super journalists like the Maysles and Leacock reveal the Union to be an art form: not a political construction at all, but an aesthetic one which makes further symbolic elaboration on their part unnecessary —they can simply take notes. Their subject is "found" rather than "created," but the degree to which it is illumined depends on the imagination and vision they bring to the filming and the editing. Can we rupture the categories and call them "artists"? Why not; it was no less than Tolstoy who, informed that a motion picture camera had been invented, said "Thank God, now we don't have to make up any more silly stories."

THEATRE

DOCTOR FAUSTUS
CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS

Say "classic drama" to the ordinary New York theatregoer and nine times out of ten he supposes you refer to the Bard. (Some years ago on the opening night of a production of Wycherley's *The Country Wife* I heard a fashionably gowned lady, when the word "cuckold" was spoken on the stage, murmur to her companion, "I don't like these Shakespearean plays.") Even Ben Jonson is unfamiliar, and Christopher Marlowe virtually unknown.

We should therefore be grateful to the Phoenix Theatre for opening its season with *Doctor Faustus*. Those who venture to see this play will find that it not only contains elements of a "good show" (apart from the magnificent language) but that it means something!

Faustus' final cry of anguish as he is dragged to everlasting punishment is *"I'll burn the books."* What books? "Necromantic books . . . lines, circles, letters and characters. . . . O what a world of profit and delight, of power, of honor, of omnipotence/ Is promised to the studious artisan." The doctor has been ravished by "sweet analytics" or what the 16th century called "magic" and we call science.

Marlowe's first play, *Tamburlaine*, told the epic tale of a man who sought to dominate the world by military conquest. He wins all the battles but is defeated by life: his victories are accompanied by personal disaster. Faustus' pride is entirely intellectual. Finding physiology, theology and other branches of philosophy inadequate to his will to power and craving for pleasure, he is bent on breaking through the limits of human (and humane) knowledge. This, he realizes, can be accomplished only by a pact with the Devil.

His every wish is granted. He is made superior to potentate and pope. He is vouchsafed intercourse with the lady whose face "launched a thousand ships." But he is damned. His skills have exceeded the boundaries proper to man.

What makes the play particularly poignant is that Marlowe is on Faustus' side, as he was on Tamburlaine's. The erudite Marlowe was reputed to have been an atheist, and in other respects as well, defiantly exceptional. He knew that a bitter price must be paid for excess, and that man can be no more than man.

Hearing the outcry, "I'll burn the books!," I recalled Galileo's last speech in Brecht's play ". . . your new machine may simply suggest new drudgeries. . . . The gulf [between progress and the bulk of humanity] may even grow so wide that the sound of your cheering at some new achievement would be echoed by a universal horror."

Writing for the groundlings as much as for the elite, Marlowe intro-

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duces low comedy which parodies his main theme. There is not only a vein of acid mockery in the play (most pointedly in the masquerade at the Holy See) but many tricks of showmanship. Word Baker has made much hay of this. His direction leads me to suspect that he has forgotten that *Doctor Faustus* is a "tragical historie," not a music-hall pageant.

That, however, may be unfair. While it is evident that Mr. Baker has a flair for cockeyed comedy (even whimsy) and a sharp sense of scenic contrivance, it is also clear that no actor of sufficient stature and scope for the central role was available to him. Because of this alone the emphasis of the production must fall where it does—on the fun and games. It is visually the most ambitious and striking production that the Phoenix has ever undertaken.

The company does not speak well: that is, euphoniously or with the needed authority, but, thanks to care and intelligence, the dialogue is clear. We hear every word, and in the case of James Ray (as Mephistopheles), Tobi Weinberg (as the Evil Spirit) and David Margulies (as the Pope) effortlessly. The nays, you see, have it all their way.

Those of us who are preoccupied with the theatre may soon surmise that Cambridge University (where Marlowe studied) has been converted into a dramatic school. I knew Michael Redgrave and his actor son were Cambridge men; now, I learn that not only David Frost of *That Was The Week That Was* (both in London and New York) but the quartet of *Beyond the Fringe*, and today the male sextet of *Cambridge Circus* (Plymouth) who have happily added a girl to their number, are also graduates from that seat of learning.

These "Circus" fellows are talented —perhaps even more versatile as individual players than the excellent cast of *Beyond the Fringe*. Their ebullient energy makes the twenty-five numbers which constitute this latest revue from England flash by with lightning speed and exhilarating effect. When the show was over I was eager for more.

Less socially minded than *The Committee* or *Beyond the Fringe*, *Cambridge Circus* is more zany than either. The show is not without shrewd observation and comment, but these are so thoroughly absorbed in the sheer exuberance of clowning for its own sake that all sense of content may be overlooked without giving anyone cause for complaint. I laughed like a fool.

For the record, I note that one number reproduces the Beatles, another is a newscast of Biblical events; there are some deliberately imbecile songs, followed by such things as a poker-faced lecture demonstration relating to the fundamentals of burlesque stage "business" and a new version of Mark Antony's funeral oration from *Julius Caesar*. But in my view, the masterpiece of the evening is a madcap trial called "Judge Not"—in every respect brilliantly done. It is difficult to single out the best of the people who have written and performed *Cambridge Circus;* they are all to be embraced.

HAROLD CLURMAN

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ART

BONNARD: EXPRESSIONIST OF PLEASURE

Despite the boundless affection engendered by the art of Bonnard, and despite the shivers of pleasure it has given countless spectators, no one has ever quite had the nerve to place him among the greatest artists of the 20th century. It is as if a naked sensuous joy had in the end to be discounted as vessel for proper genius—or as if hedonism alone could not justify a world view of the kind demanded by our definition of greatness. But Bonnard's relation to individual sensations was, I believe, as artistically charged as Cézanne's with composition, or Picasso's with metamorphosis. That enduring oddness and heightening of traditional themes beyond recognition, which we see in those masters, occurs in Bonnard also. In the end, he must be accounted something rare, I think: an expressionist of pleasure.

Far less often than they comment on the smiling surface of bourgeois households in Bonnard's art, have people remarked on the nervousness and emotion he injects into every form. In fact, the more intimately familiar and domesticated his subject, the more high-strung and otherworldly is his depiction of it: an ironic counterpoint that reflects back to his origin in Symbolist aesthetics just as it points forward to postwar abstraction. He appears to empathize exclusively with the transmission of pleasureable perceptions from eye through hand to canvas and back again, wanting in the process to *discover* rather than to *give* gratification, as did the more social Renoir. Then, unlike orthodox expressionism, where intense feeling is theoretically "wreaked" upon the specific image by vehement strokes, Bonnard invests feeling directly into and for the sake of those strokes—each one (and there are innumerable species) an effigy of seduction. Over these minute icons the artist pauses, caressing but more often irritating their preciousness, so that he seems to burrow up beneath colored objects and separate their outer molecules. And this, in turn, releases that luminous and chromatic effulgence, so destructive of surface and frame, which Bonnard will feed back to the canvas in order, somehow, to increase the level of radiance.

One might spend considerable time at the Bonnard Exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art this month (it will be seen also in Chicago and Los Angeles), being enchanted and possibly a little unnerved by this relentless circuit of energy that flickers out and regenerates itself. To stand at any length before these pictures is to be plugged into their pictorial current, at great expense to one's individual will power and ability to digest even a fraction of their teeming visual incidents. Challenged to start at any definite point, one might begin to detect, say in "View from the Studio, Le Cannet" (1945),

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shreds and patches of porous color—blond pinks sieved by lavender blues, surrounding greens freckled by spots of orange—which only gradually reconstitute themselves into delicate lineaments of furrowed fields, truck gardens, trees and maroon groves, at a moment of burnt gold sunset. The substance of these images is open-stitched and knit at apparently careless angles, so that they boggle, molest, and yet dissolve into one another. And over all, there emerges an unheard-of miscegenation of touches—resembling peach bruises and handkerchief dabs—that characterizes the florescent, watery spectacle as some slightly polarized or overexposed color film. Further still, this diaphanous emulsion, prickling incessantly with tiny shocks, appears to uproot nature, as if the follicles of all plant life had suddenly weakened, and sent high up the picture plane the heavier foliage which only here and there dangles into the weightless, tilted foreground.

Although I doubt very much that Bonnard saw it this way, his work is one of the century's greatest defiances of the restrictions of inert paint in the way it simulates optical light and intangible space. The fact that one is forced to talk of his picture tissues as overlapping breathings or palpitations underlines the metaphorical agency operating in his art. His brush is incapable of touching the canvas without seeming to expand pigment gaseously. As distinct from the Neo-Impressionist switchboard, in which extraordinarily intimate and small-scaled screen passages of colored dots confused the brain into thinking that they were in a virtually fluent and transient connection with one another, Bonnard's method is to infuse light from *behind* his cellular façades, which have become correspondingly transparent for that very purpose. But his constant fluctuations of density, and the way he flies from minimal to heavy saturations, keep alive a color strength that would have been systematically degraded had the white canvas ground shone through evenly. Despite the general up-ending of all perspective, which flattens out objects on the two-dimensional surface, Bonnard's paint units are not only shapeless and unspecific, they refuse to adhere to, or position, anything in space. In addition, for all that one strongly feels his initial observation of subject, Bonnard's palette (generally less arbitrary than Matisse's), only surreptitiously and rarely echoes local or reflected colors. Objects are never as substantial, nor atmosphere as insubstantial, as our expectations of stability require, with the result that the majority of his canvases seem to deliquesce in a totally invented matrix, midway between a palpable, light-filled, but *represented* world, and a schematic, thin-bodied abstraction. (That, incidentally, is one reason why his work is ultra-sensitive to changes of light conditions, as well as to the varying distances from which it is seen.)

We are dealing, whatever the period of his long career (c. 1890-1947), with a perverse, contrary artist, ceaselessly improvising and capricious. What happens along the edge of his pictures, for example, has always been thought to be a legacy of Impressionist cropping, suggesting the candidness and spontaneity of a vision whose frame caught people and events partly in and out of the picture field. But Bonnard deliberately tucks away color incidents, and obscurely camouflages personages (usually his furtive wife) in the margins, so as to diffuse focus, and force a widespread reading of the surface. (Frequently, his central images will sink away for this reason, retaining their importance only in placement.) On the contrary, when he does refer to images beyond the perimeter, Bonnard shows mirrors whose reflections of the outer world are precipitated just sharply enough to discredit his ordinarily rather fluffy reality.

Of a piece with this whole line of thinking—and it is perhaps his most exquisite artifice as well—is Bonnard's fascination with the deterioration of color. Only Monet before him had been as concerned with the expressive potentialities of dissolution, but as a symptom specifically of diminished or oblique light. For Bonnard, the whole overripe universe is in the process of fading and decay: a condition whose very transcience elicits that spectrum of indescribable half lights and chromatic semiquavers which becomes the enduring ingredient of his art.

Or, more accurately, provides its base, for the more typical activity in Bonnard is involved with accenting and spotting of bright or dark over a tenuous fabric. It is not particularly surprising that a nude in a bathtub or boudoir changes color chameleon-like, because the picture organism itself acts not as a ground which receives settled deposits of hue, but behaves as if it were a phenomenally sensitive litmus. But Bonnard compresses wildly different colors into areas that have no value distinction, thus giving them an outrageous mutuality; or else he will shock by value jumps of such unexpected pungence that the viewing experience is pleasurably disoriented. Doubtless Bonnard had as prodigious a decorative talent as Braque and Matisse, but he constantly inverted and frustrated it. Thus, in the "Nude Before a Mirror" (from Venice), instead of giving a sharp contrast to the central figure, he hides it at different points by placing the same pink grays and yellow olives on both sides of a contour. If the English critic Patrick Heron pointed out years ago that it is impossible to take in one form in these pictures without perceiving the adjacent others—until, finally, an "all over" reading emerges; one can now see Bonnard's color rhythms as sprung.

In the "Terrace at Vernon," an enormous lilac-crimson tree trunk in the front plane fights with a contiguous vermilion orange of a woman's dress in mid-ground, giving off the most eccentric tension of cool and warm, in which their usual positions as well as weights are reversed. Generally speaking, though, Bonnard's canvases, despite the aerated, thermal impression they give, hover by the most elaborately subtle balances between cool and warm, so that their environments are teases of advance and recession. And this is not to mention the flux of induced color reflexes he gets in intervals by setting an orange sugar bowl against both a scathing white ground and its own sharp blue shadow; or a lemon yellow (shadow!) that runs under bowls on an off-white and cerise striped tablecloth in the Brageline collection, "Still Life at an Open Window."

What is known of Bonnard's working methods nicely confirms this calculated and bizarre density of his pictorial effects. One glimpses him in hotel rooms orchestrating on canvases which have been tacked up against the most baroque floral wallpaper; or dabbing perfunctorily, then going out for a walk, returning for a few more touches, recessing again, coming back, adding further considerations, etc. Or finally, when his pictures were in museums or collections, covertly taking out his little color box for foxy afterthoughts. Before the overpowering bouquet he was creating, Bonnard oscillated widely between alertness and fatigue but, lingering always with his work in thought and presence, he drew

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on a delectation that was reluctant to end. This suggests a way his paintings might be seen. If one savors them—especially the more aromatic, excruciating ones—at first restlessly, they can then be penetrated, after their saturated environments become more familiar, for their limitless exotic nuances. The slower this acclimatization, the more rewarding. There is no hurry.

Perhaps the artist would have found this response appropriate. He was devoted to perception, to direct vision, but could deal with sensation in his art, as he once implied, only by means of recall. Like most of his generation in forging a conceptual imagery out of his perceptions, Bonnard's approach was yet not so much of sense leading to idea, as of sense itself "ideated." Still he could do this only by holding in suspense the physical resolution of each canvas, just as he had to impart a unique pulsing life to each touch within that canvas. That neither of these aims was predictable lends to his works not merely their hesitations and their faults, but their priceless air of nervous discovery. It is a state of being which the exhibition (selected beautifully by James Elliott, and accompanied by the best picture book on Bonnard to date) charts with admirable care. With their psychological overtones and concealed ironies, these skittish, voluptuous paintings are among the supreme work of our era.

MAX KOZLOFF

Space Crescent III

(Continued from page 277)

in Holland had it been discovered that tulips grow on the moon.

Senator Morse was not heard from regarding the tests, but Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield did greet the NASA team with the observation that he was glad *somebody* had found a use for the lava.

Local politics in the space crescent have been changed little by the program. The mayor and city councilmen and county commissioners are still in their dingy chambers, fielding complaints about clogged sewers and roads gone to pot. But these local leaders, most of them native sons of the area, have successfully guided their communities through what could have been a shattering series of changes. No one did it more smoothly than R. B. (Speck) Searcy, Mayor of Huntsville.

Speck Searcy, first elected Mayor in 1952, has been the chief architect of what may well be the most extensive and successful municipal improvement ever undertaken by a city the size of Huntsville. He saw to it that the community did what was required to avoid crumbling in a chaotic heap under the pressure of the space-age drama being enacted on its doorstep.

For the most part, newcomers to the crescent do not bother participating in local politics. "They're all rushing somewhere, and they're not taking an interest," said Robert P. Schwenn, 30-year-old candidate for a Madison County (Huntsville) judgeship. Voter registrations are up—in Madison County, from 24,000 in 1962 to 38,000 today—and in some areas this has resulted in a weakening of the previously tight Democratic control. Ten years ago, there was only a sprinkling of Republicans in Florida's Brevard County; there is now one Republican for every three Democrats.

Mrs. Debbie Garst, society editor of the *Tribune*, in Cocoa, Fla., has found that many of the workers sent to the crescent from the Midwest and elsewhere continue to vote Republican if that is how they voted back home. The fact is, of course, that many men whose minds are freighted with abstruse technology are likely to have little patience with politics. Thus the Cleveland engineer, who is a Republican, poses little threat to the Democratic Party in most of the crescent if only because he will probably not take the time to vote. Or he will cast an absentee ballot back home.

"We haven't come in here and said, 'Okay, you cotton pickers, we're taking over,'" a spokesman at the Marshall Space Flight Center pointed out. "Some of our people are on school boards, some serve as councilmen and some even play in community orchestras, but they don't run the cities and counties."

NASA isn't really concerned about the feast of power and prestige it has spread out for politicians. It knows only that it has a job to do and that certain things are needed with which to do it. Moon Day is drawing near, and when a man—our man—actually opens the capsule hatch and steps out on that desert 238,857 mean miles from Cape Kennedy, the agency feels that the end will more than justify the sometimes dubious means.

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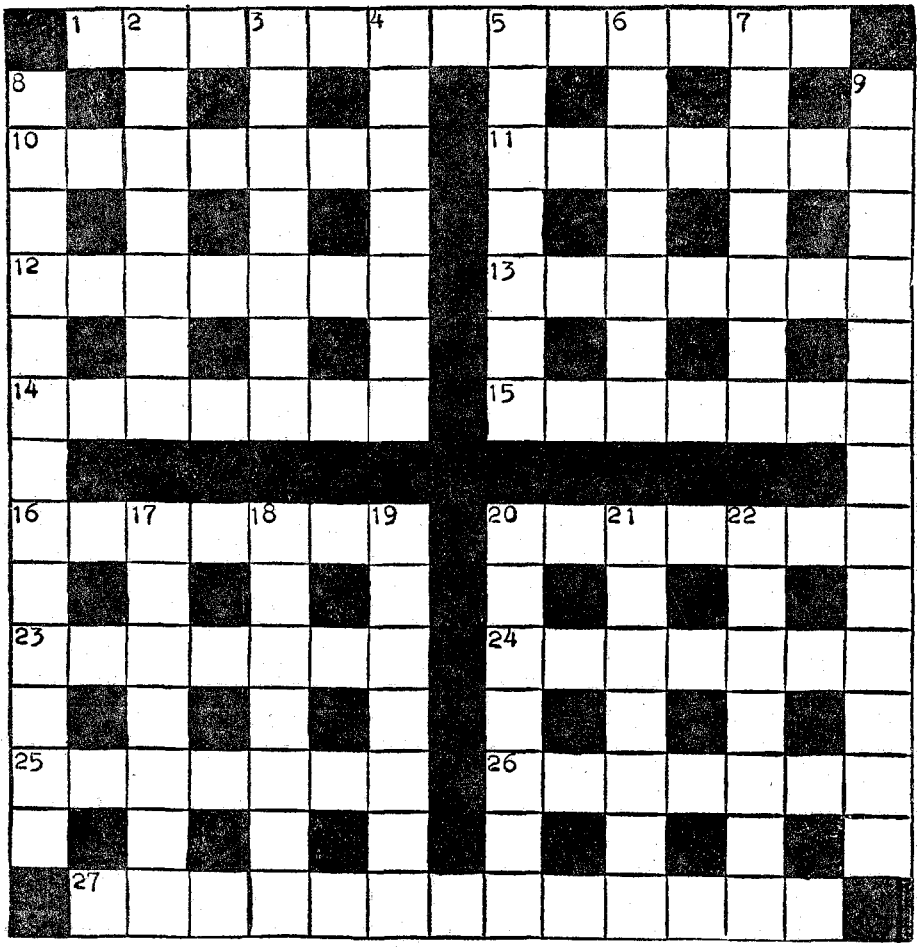
Crossword Puzzle No. 1077

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 They don't write about witches—their subjects are much better. (13)
10 Ruler placed over the ears of the operator. (7)
11 What does it take to start "The Return of the Native"? Oh, a paragraph or two! (7)
12 A little bit depressed, and extremely unpleasant. (7)
13 The lightest of all metals. (7)
14 Does it imply they wish to continue the line, even though the ruler isn't available. (7)
15 Does one have charge of the dungeon, but not if it's dank? (3, 4)
16 But the military authorities should not be! (7)
20 Watery? (7)
23 Hornets, when disturbed, find a place for the queens, possibly. (7)
24 Experience where caution should appear, if the top is green. (7)
25 People one expects don't do it? (7)
26 Is the end of a fabled country one in the file? (7)
27 Knowing where to look for the rank of the contenders? (13)

DOWN:

2 Diminishing what bulls used to get, by the sound of it. (7)
3 Extract most of the affront when it gets in. (7)
4 Acquire a manner? The prisoner might hope to make his! (7)
5 Profited by a sort of threat, by the sound of it. (7)
6 Well, it might come between physician and self, as they say! (7)
7 Have 27, to make a profit. (7)
8 Drawn by one who doesn't want splashy effects? (6, 7)
9 Ordinary groups of fish for those who eventually hope to acquire class. (6, 7)
17 Nothing in automobile metal should come from many plants. (7)
18 There's an opening on a poor French street, with a certain amount of risk involved in it. (7)
19 Its lens shows what the audience does. (7)
20 Where the 20 across, as a type, should be on view. (7)
21 The corresponding period might be uncertain if the letter is not taken out by the opposite sex. (7)
22 Sort of rare metal around the natural features of the land. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1076

ACROSS: 1 Left face; 5 Putter; 11 Impress; 12 Extol; 13 Afterward; 14 Elemi; 16 Eventide; 19 Bessemer; 22 and 25 Earth-bound; 24 Notebooks; 26 Italy; 28 Profuse; 29 Begonia; 30 Steady; 31 Betrayal. DOWN: 1 Lathered; 2 Fleet; 3 Frailties; 4 Cremate; 6 Upper; 8 Reside; 9 Little; 15 Electrode; 17, 10, 7 and 18 The bigger they are, the harder they fall; 20 Moored; 21 Risible; 23 Snipes; 27 Annoy.

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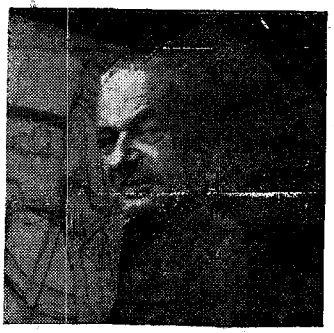

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